

A D D I T I O N S

TO THE WORKS OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.



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TO THE WORKS OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

TOGETHER WITH
MANY ORIGINAL POEMS AND LETTERS,
OF COTEMPORARY WRITERS,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

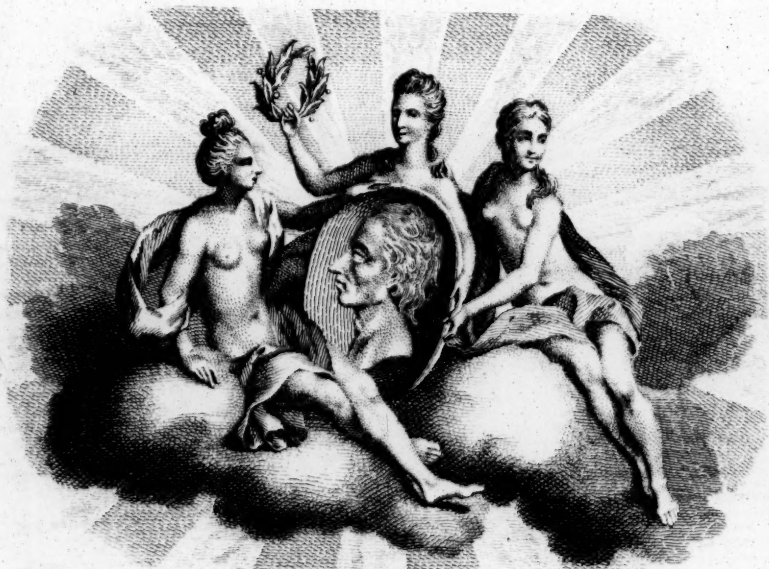
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

— *foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.*

VIRGIL.

— *pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat:*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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A. D. 1710

THE WORKS OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL ORIGINAL POEMS AND LETTERS

OF THE SAME HAND WRITTEN

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

IN FIVE VOLUMES



Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall

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A D D I T I O N S
TO THE
WORKS OF POPE, &c.

Mr. POPE to her Grace the Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

London, October —

Between day and night—The writer drunk,

MADAM,

MRS. Whitworth (who, as her Epitaph on Twitnam Highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited according to her own order between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the last Resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a hony-suckle and a rose-bush; where you are to continue as long as canvas

VOL. II,

B

can

can last: I suppose the painter by those emblems intended to intimate, on the one hand your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends; and, on the other, to shew you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland to deserve the same motto

Lord William will confer this Latine if you send it to Thistleworth. with regard to your enemies. *Nemo me impunè laceffit.*

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they can't chuse but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without, as a good christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression. I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant, it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant : and you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees ; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace when you imitate my Lady O——y. An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know, tho' from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you lov'd little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point. Remember the text which I'll preach upon, the first day I am a parson. *Suffer little children to come to me—* And—*Despise not one of these little ones.*

No, Madam—despise great bears, such as Gay ; who now goes by the dreadful name of, *The Beast of Blois*, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis, to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice : if there be any that has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blondel may know, Dr. Logg has received Ordination, and enters upon his function this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholick ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedeck, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He'll stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarum to sin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Christian Religion should be abolish'd (as indeed there is great reason to expect it from the wisdom of the legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bonfire, which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be desired from a heretique. I do not hope your Grace should be converted, but however I wish you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curiosity. To meet people one likes, is thought by some the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you'll like one another. They are extreemly your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, Madam, send me

me yourself, that is, a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to towne. I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal,

MADAM,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Faithfull, and most humble servant,

(A. POPE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am your's.

There is a short letter for you.

Mr. POPE to her Grace the Dutchess of
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE*.

Twit'nam, Jan. 27, 1720.

MADAM,

I Think myself obliged by your Grace's many condescensions of goodness to me, in particular

B 3

your

* The Duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter of king James II. (by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the earl of Portmore): He dignified her with the name of the lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the

your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch —.'s * state of health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's †, but parting in haste, I had not his opinion at large; only he assures me, he thinks the figures will not be too small, considering that those which are nearest the eye, are, at least, as large as the life. I can't but be of opinion, that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's, ought to be made portraits, and as like as possible; of which they have yet no resemblance. There being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile, it might be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the side-face from that busto that stands in the salon.

I beg

the place of a Duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was, very young, left a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both Houses of Parliament, for the Earl's ill usage of her.

* Chamberlen's.

† An Italian painter, who composed the Duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are represented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the basis of the column, is seen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceased children of the Dutchess, whose effigies are represented in profile-bustos, supported by Cupids lamenting.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you : and I ought to ask it, (now I think on't) on another occasion, in which I have used too much freedom: having a great esteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a personal knowledge of his character; and this being increased by the ill treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other persons of the first distinction, who subscribed to me for his compositions, newly ingraven, to set down the name of your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, 'till now, when the book's * coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuse this fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this way again, 'till such another great man as Bononcini arises, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the English will use him as scurvily) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the sincerest respect,

MADAM,

Your Grace's most obliged,

Most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

* His Cantatas.

LETTERS*

OF

MR. POPE to Miss BLOUNT.

LETTER I.

On the Death of her BROTHER †.

MADAM,

HAVING no less admiration for your courage and good nature, than sympathy with your grief; I am so highly sensible of both the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you those commendations,

* Why these Letters to Miss *Blount* have not a place in the Works of Mr. Pope, because borrowed from Voiture, when that to a Lady with a book of drawings, is taken from one he wrote to Madame Rambouillet, in the name of Collet the engraver, presenting a book of his prints, and others, containing compliments to several Ladies, are extracted from him, is, we imagine, owing to a design of rendering the plagiarist less liable to detection.

† Voiture has a letter thus superscribed, "To Mademoiselle de Rambouillet," on the death of her brother, who died of the plague, and whom she attended during his sickness; of which, this is only a translation.

commendations which were justly due to you, and that comfort whereof you stand in need, I must confess I should be much troubled where to begin; for what obligations can be more equally enforcing, than to render to so eminent a virtue the honour it merits; and to so violent affliction the comfort it requires? But I am to blame to put a distance between these two things, since charity has so perfectly united them, that the fond assistance you afforded your late Brother, should now prove an extraordinary comfort to you, since God will bestow that on you out of justice, which others obtain out of his indulgence; his infinite goodness being such, as will not suffer, unrewarded, so exemplary an act of tenderness, as what, thro' a contempt of your own life, engaged you in the offices of the best and tenderest sister in the world, beyond the limits of all obligations; and by an admirable constancy, made you assur'd amidst a danger that terrifies the most daring. Upon this account I am confident that he will preserve you from it*, and will shower on you, as a reward of your virtue, the blessings which are wish'd you, by,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

* The small-pox.

LETTER II.

MADAM,

I Here send you the elegy *, which you have but too often demanded of me, and which heretofore hath indeed been heard by others, but till now, hath not been read by any.

It is my wish, that the same fortune may in this happen to me as hath befallen you; who, after you have for so long time concealed the noblest things in the world, have, in the discovery of it, dazzled all those that have seen it. But it is an over-great fondness for my own verses, to wish them that advantage, nor indeed should I wish them better, since they were not made for you: if you think them very ill, you are so much the more obliged to me for them, in that knowing it as well as you, yet I have not forbore sending them to you. And, to deal freely with you, a less power than what you have within these few days gained upon me, would not have been sufficient to have prevailed with me to do it: and, without your command, madam, they had never known any other place than that of my own memory. But it is
high

* This letter and elegy on coquets, I find sent by M. Voiture to Madam de Vigean; of which, this, likewise, is a translation.

high time it were delivered of them, to make room for something more delightful; I mean that which Mrs. — had the grace to acquaint me with the other day, and which fills it with so much at present, that I doubt whether there be place for any thing else.

I perceive, madam, that where it was my design to send you a letter of excuse and compliment, I am fallen into one of love; but I wish all the other defects you shall find in it, were as pardonable as that. In the mean time let me assure you, that I have not of a long time been so engaged, and that there are many in the world to whom I would not say so much, even tho' they held a dagger at my throat.

But, since there is no fear of any scandal, you are obliged, madam, at least in my opinion, to look favourably on those elements of affection, were it but to see how I should behave myself, if I should fall in love; and, if I were permitted, what might be the consequence of it. I am,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER III *.

MADAM,

THOU my liberality were, as you say, greater than Alexander's, it were more than recompenced by the thanks you have been pleased to return it. Even his ambition, as insatiable as it was, would, by so extraordinary a favour, have been limited. He would have valued this honour more highly than the Persian diadem, and he would not have envied Achilles the praises of Homer, might he have yours. In like manner, madam, considering the reputation you do me, if I envy his, it is not so much that which he hath acquired, as what you have bestowed on him; and he hath received no honours which I do not look upon below my own, unless it be that you do him, when you call him your gallant. Neither his own vanity nor his flatterers have ever advanced any thing so advantageous to him, and the quality of the son of Jupiter Ammon was not so glorious as that. But, if nothing can cure me of the jealousy I have of it, yet madam, knowing you as I do, I am confident, if you do him that favour, it is not so much because he is the greatest of mankind, as because it is two thousand years since he was.

However

* This letter I find also directed by M. Voiture to the Marchioness of Rambouillet, of which this is a translation.

However it be, we may see in this the greatness of his fortune, which not able to forsake him so many years after his death, adds to his conquests a person which celebrates them more than the wife and daughter of Darius, and hath reinfused into him a soul greater than that of the world he hath subdued.

I should fear, by your example, to write in too high a stile, but can a man aim at one too high, speaking of you, and Alexander? I beseech you, madam, to assure yourself I have for you the same passion which you have for him, and that the admiration of your virtues shall ever engage me to be,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV *.

MADAM,

I Could never believe it possible that the receipt of a letter from you should add to my affliction, or that you could have possibly sent me such bad news, as that you could not comfort me at the same time.

I thought

* This letter is likewise directed by M. Voiture to Mademoiselle Rambouillet, of which this is, for the most part, a translation.

I thought my unhappiness at such a point as could not admit of any addition, and that since you were able something to strengthen my patience to endure the absence of your mother and you, there could not be any misfortune which you could not have encouraged me to suffer. But give me leave to tell you, that I have found the contrary in the affliction I have for the death of Mrs. A——, which hath been heavy enough to crush me, and wanted not much to spend the remainder of my patience.

You may easily judge, madam, what an excessive grief it must needs be to me to have lost a friend so good, so sprightly and so accomplished as she, and one that having always given me so many expressions of her affection, would needs do something when she had not many hours to continue here. But tho' I reflected not on my own concerns, yet could I not but infinitely regret a person by whom you were infinitely beloved; and who, among many particular endowments, had that of knowing you as much as may be, and esteeming you above all things. Yet I must confess, if this disturbance can admit of any remission, it is to reflect on the constancy she expressed, and the fortitude wherewith she hath suffered a thing whereof the name would make her tremble at any time.

I am

I am extremely comforted to understand, that at her death, she had those qualities which only she wanted in her life, and that she so opportunely found courage and resolution. When I consider it seriously, it is somewhat against my conscience to bemoan her; and methinks it speaks an over-interested affection, to be sad because she hath left us to better her condition, and is gone into the other world, ("from whose bourne no traveller returns") to find that quiet she could never meet with in this.

I very heartily entertain the exhortations you give me thereupon, which is often to con over a lesson so profitable and necessary, and to prepare myself for the like one day. I know how to make my advantage of your remonstrance. The miseries we have run thro' all this while is no small preparation for it: there's no better lecture to instruct a man how to die well, than not to take much pleasure in living.

But if it be not impossible for the hopes that fortune proposes to prove effectual; if after so many years, we may presume to expect some few fair days, be pleased to give me leave, madam, to entertain thoughts more diverting than those of death; and if it be likely that we are shortly to see one another, let me not fall out with my life.

Where

Where you say, “you think me destined to great things,” you give so great security of my life, and so happy a preface of the adventures that shall happen to me, that I shall not be sorry for its continuance yet a while. For my part, if destiny doth promise me any thing that is good, I assure you I will do my utmost to get it. I will contribute all I can thereto, that “your prophecies may be fulfilled.” In the mean time, I beseech you to be confident, that of all the favours I can beg of Fortune, what I most passionately desire is, that she would do for you what she ought, and for myself, only afford me the means to acquaint you with the passion which obliges me to be so much,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

To a LADY in the Name of her BROTHER.

IF you have not a chaste ear and a pure heart, do not peruse this letter; for, as Jeremy Taylor says in his *Holy Living and Dying*, the first thing a virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the distinction of sexes.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your curiosity in a point, in which I am sensible none but a brother could do it with decency.

I shall entertain you with the most reigning curiosity in the town; I mean a person who is equally the toast of gentlemen and ladies, and is at present more universally admired than any of either sex. You know how few proficients have a greater genius for monsters, than myself; but I never tasted a monster to that degree I have done this creature. It was not, like other monsters, produced in the desarts of Arabia, nor came from the country of the Great Mogul; but is the production of the joint endeavours of a Kentish parson and his spouse, who intended in the singleness of heart to have begot a christian but of one sex, and Providence has sent them one of two.

There are various opinions concerning this creature about town. Mr. Cromwell observes that the age is very licentious, and the present reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady *By Authority* (as appears by the printed bills) to expose her personal curiosities for a shilling.

Mr. P— looks upon it as a prodigy portending some great revolution in the state; to strengthen

which opinion, he produces the following prophecy of Nostradamus, which he explains politically :

“ When as two sexes join’d in one,
 “ Shall in the realm of Brute be shewn ;
 “ Then factions shall unite, if I know,
 “ To choose a Prince *Jure Divino*.
 “ This prodigy of common gender
 “ Is neither sex, but a Pretender ;
 “ So the Lord shield the Faith’s Defender.”

}

Mrs. N— admires what people wonder at so much ; and says she is just so herself. The Duchess of S— is of the same opinion.

Among these various conjectures, that I might be informed of the truth, I took along with me a Physician and a Divine ; the one to inspect the state of its body, the other to examine that of its mind. The persons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr. P—, and the reverend Mr. —. We were no sooner in the room, but the party came to us dressed in that habit, in which the ladies affect an hermaphroditical imitation of men — your sharp wit, my dear sister, will immediately conclude that I mean a riding-habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the doctor, the divine, or myself look’d first. The priest,
 you

you will maliciously fancy, was in his nature most an infidel, and doubted most of this miracle; we therefore propos'd to him to take the surest method of believing, seeing and feeling. He comply'd with both admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of snuff upon it, advis'd us with a nod, that we should by no means regard it as female, but as a male, for by so doing we should be guilty of less sinfulness.

The doctor upon inspection differ'd from this opinion; he wou'd by no means allow it a miracle, or at most a natural one. He said upon the whole it was a woman; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwise, was a trifle; nothing being more common than for a child to be mark'd with that thing which the mother long'd for.

As for this party's temper of mind, it appears to be a most even disposition, partaking of the good qualities of both sexes; for she is neither so inaccessible as other ladies, nor is he so impudent as other gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaisant a turn appears by this; that he tells the ladies he has the inclinations of a gentleman, and that she tells the gentlemen she has the *tendre* of a lady. As a farther proof of this affable disposition, he formerly receiv'd visits of the fair sex in their masques; till an imper-

tenant fellow in a female disguise, mingled with a party of ladies, and impudently overheard their improving speculations.

Notwithstanding this, she civilly promised at my request, that my two sisters should be admitted privately, whenever you would do her the honour of your consideration.

How agreeable soever this sight has been to me, I assure you it cannot be so pleasing as the sight of you in town; and whatever you may see in the country, I dare affirm no man or woman can shew you the like.

I therefore earnestly desire you to make haste to this place; for tho' indeed, like most other brothers, I should be sorry you were married at my expence; yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the country from your admirers: for you may believe me, no brother in the world ever loved a sister as I do you.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R VI*.

I Will not describe Bl—— in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it: I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress, below; and but two apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you'd think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vista's thro' the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoil'd by

C 3

two

* This farcaistical letter, and the verses describing Blenheim, inserted among the poetry, were perhaps rejected in compliment to the present proprietors of that heavy piece of architecture.

two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary stair-cases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under-ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupola's and little turrets that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: and, as if it were fatal, that some trifling littleness should every where destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semi-circles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great quarry of stones above ground.

We

We paid a visit to the spring, where Rosamond bathed herself; on a hill where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Lord OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Sept. 22, 1732.

IT was a grief to me not to be able to snatch one day more to be happy with you, before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myself within a week after obliged to do that for business which I could not for pleasure, for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens*. I am extremely sensible, my Lord, of the many great distinctions you have shewn me, the original of all which I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my respect was too sincere to be express'd in poetry: and if, from the continuance of your good

opinion I may derive some imagination that you thought me not a worse man than a poet, it is a greater obligation to me personally, than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men I no less esteem and love the son, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite displeasing. If any objection to the manner of it occur to your Lordship, I depend on you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me so. Otherwise I will interpret your silence as a consent to let me acquaint every body that I am, (what I truly feel myself)

My LORD,

Your ever affectionate and

Obliged humble servant,

A. POPE.

My Lady and Lady Margaret don't know how much I am theirs, unless your Lordship will tell them you believe it of me; and my poor old woman heartily (tho' feebly) expresses her service to you all,

Mr. POPE to Lord OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Oct. 20, 1733.

I Am returned a week since from my Lord Peterborow, with whom I past three weeks as agreeably and as healthfully as I ever did in my life. I was not a little disappointed to find your Lordship in London, though, considering the fine weather, and how late in the season you enjoyed it, I ought not to lament an absence which must both give you health and pleasure. Your house I found totally at my service, and took up my choice (like a young and ambitious man) in no room of it but Lady Margaret's. How much might I say upon that subject, were I a poet! but the misfortune of being what seldom consists with that character, a bashful and backward man, keeps me silent. I shall be little in town (if at all) till your return, and, in truth, since I came home, I have had my health so ill, that I must in a manner live by myself; and think I must either lead such a life as I did at Southampton, which is inconsistent with a town life, or lock myself up from all conversible hours while I am in town. I beg to hear a line of your satisfactions and amusements, for of your state of health I am daily informed by your honest porter: but the other he

knows not, and I am not quite contented without it. That all enjoyments may be yours, and all good things attend your whole worthy family, is the sincere prayer always of,

MY LORD,

Your faithfullest servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to Lord OXFORD.

MY LORD,

December 26, 1733.

I Sincerely wish yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, the happiest New Years to come. I have so many things to tell you, that I can tell you none, and therefore am inclined not to write at all. Whatever I can say of my zealous desires for your felicity, is short of the truth; and as to the rest, it is too long a story to begin till I have the pleasure to meet your Lordship, and can at the same time make an end of it.

This I writ a week ago, and having nothing more material to say, was ashamed to send it. But seeing they can't tell me when you return to town,
I was

I was resolved not to let the season pass without sending you all this poor wish at least. I hope my Lady Oxford is perfectly well, though I heard she has not been so, notwithstanding your porter has often told me all was well at Wimpole. Believe me to be with the truest esteem and unalterable sincerity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Affectionate, and obliged servant,

Jan. 7, 1773.

A. POPE.

If Lord Duplin be with you, I hope
he will accept my humble services.

*To my worthy and special Friend, Maister WANLEY,
dwelling at my singular goode Lord's, my Lorde of
OXFORD's: Kindly present.*

WORTHY SIR,

I Shall take it as a singular mark
of your friendly disposition and kindnesse unto mee,
if you will recommend to my palate, from the ex-
perienced taste of yours, goode Mr. Wanley, a
dousaine of quartes of goode and wholesome wine,
such

such as yee drinke at the Genoa-Armes, for the which I will in honourable fort be indebted, and well and truelie pay to the owner thereof, your said merchant of wines at the faide Genoa-Armes. As witness this myne hand, which also witnesseth its master to bee in sooth and sincerity of harte,

Goode Sir,

Yours ever bounden,

A. POPE.

From Twickenham this fyrste
of Julie, 1725.

*To Mr. WANLEY, at the Right Hon. the Earl of
OXFORD's, in Dover-Street, Piccadilly.*

WORTHY SIR,

I Am greatly contented with your kind token of affection; although I meant not, in any wise, to have put you to so sudden a discharge of the trust I reposed in you; nor to have caused you a journey to a distant part of the towne; nor to have obliged you to renew an acquaintance with Signor Alberto, after an intermission of divers yeares.
Signor

Signor Alberto * may thanke me, but not you. I did verily thinke you had seen him daily, and do really beg your pardon. Notwithstanding, the zeal, as well as punctuality you have kindly shewn herein, doth, and ought, much to oblige me. As an assurance whereof, I will again, as you admonish, renew your care and trouble, when these same bottles are on the rack, to refill them, and me, with such wholesome liquor of the like sort, as to your judgment shall seem good; I paying the just price for the same. I desire very truly to have some occasion of serving you, and that you will require it whenever opportunity shall offer, being sincerely,

S I R,

Your very affectionate

Faithful servant, and wellwisher,

Twickenham,
July 31, 1725.

A. POPE.

* Humphrey Wanley was Lord Oxford's librarian; Alberto Croce his wine-merchant.

To JOHN VANDR. BEMPDEN, *Esq.* Present.

S I R,

Thursday.

UPON what you told me when I was last to wait on you, I deferr'd treating further for the rent-charge, till you could be more certain what sum you could conveniently raise in present, towards the purchase. If there were only three of 400l. wanting, we would take your bond; for as to a mortgage on the rent-charge, my father is not qualified to take it; for by an Act of Parliament he cannot buy land, tho' he may sell. However, if you desire to make the purchase soon, I believe I have a friend who will lend you the 1000l. on the same security you offer us. If you have any other scruple, you'll please to tell it me fairly; but if this purchase be convenient to you, we shall think of treating with no other, and be ready upon your answer; since I think what I here propose, entirely accommodates all the difficulty you seem to be at.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble servant,

A. P O P E.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS.

No date.

I Beg you to let me know if you have any thoughts of your Devonshire journey this summer. If you have, I will stay for you, and let Mr. Fortescue and Gay travel together. This resolution must be made with some haste, because they go next week, and I shall want time to prepare. I thought Mrs. Cecil had receipts before. The names of Lady Ranelagh and Lady Cavendish, were inserted long since in the list.

You may tell Mr. Rollinson that Gay was not sure he should go to Lord Bolingbroke's when he came hither; or help him to some excuse, for his neglect was scandalous, and has given him much vexation of spirit.

I should have been glad to have had the Report of the Committee, and have since writ to Lintott for it. If the Whigs now say, that B. is the hero of my Preface, the Tories said (you may remember) three years ago, that Cato was the hero of my poetry. It looks generous enough to be always on the side of the distressed; and my patrons of the other party
may

may expect great panegyrics from me when they come to be impeached by the future party rage of their opponents. To compliment those who are *dead in law*, is as much above the imputation of flattery, as Tickell says it is, to compliment those who are really *dead*. And perhaps too there is as much *vanity* in my praising Bol——, as in his praising Hal——. No people in the world are so apt to give themselves airs as authors.

I have received the report, but have not yet had time to read any of it. I have gone through the 5th, 6th, and 7th books, except a small part of the latter end of the 6th.—Pray tell me if you hear any thing said about Mr. Tickell's, or my translation, if the town be not too much taken up with great affairs, to take any notice of either.

I hold the resolution I told you in my last, of seeing you if you cannot take a trip hither before I goe. But I would fain flatter myself so far as to fancy we might travel together. Pray give me a line by Saturday's post.

I am

I am, at all times, and in all reigns, whatever be the fate of the world, or of myself, sincerely and affectionately,

Dear Mr. JARVIS,

Your's

A. P.

All here most truly your servants.

To JABEZ HUGHES, Esq*.

S I R,

I Have read over again your brother's play †, with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever.

* This Letter to Mr. *Hughes*, with the excellent character of his deceased brother, being so contradictory to one addressed to Dean Swift, in which he says, The author of the Siege of Damascus was of the class of the mediocribus in prose and verse, made it necessary to sink the first.

† The Siege of Damascus, written by John Hughes, Esq. who died Feb. 17, 1719, the first night of its representation.

I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to Mr. DENNIS.*

May 3, 1721.

S I R,

I Called to receive the two books of your letters † from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I am in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the “omissions
“ you have been pleased to make in those Letters in my
“ favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire,
“ that not the least traces may remain of that difference
“ between us, which indeed I AM SORRY
“ FOR.” You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falseness,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

A. POPE.

* This Letter to Mr. *Dennis* has been suppressed, because Mr. Pope has not only ridiculed him in the fictitious account of his frenzy, but afterwards in the *Dunciad*.

† These books were intituled, Original Letters, familiar, moral and critical. In two volumes 8vo.

THREE LETTERS*

FROM THE

*Abbe C——N to * * * * *, at St. Omers.*By *Mr. P O P E.*

LETTER I.

IF obliging expressions, fine wit, and noble sentiments can tempt ; you have the most infallible way of compelling your friends to write to you, of any body I know ; yet should my ignorance in the modes of writing cause you to esteem me less, I shall repent my having learnt to write.

Your excellent judgment, and the diffidence I justly bear to my own abilities, always put a check to that sincere and honest warmth I am impatient to address you with : but when I reflect on your many friendly indulgencies, and see two kind letters of

D 2

your's

* These three Letters from the *Abbé C——n* are supposed to be omitted on the score of the reflections on the Ministry, and the high panegyric Mr. Pope bestows on himself.

your's now before me (both answer'd) I plunge in ink, lest my silence should be more criminal than impertinence itself. Remember, however, it is in compliance to your request, and no fancied skill of mine, in drawing characters. You are very singular in your enquiry after Mr. * * * morals; such questions are very uncommon here.

——— *De moribus ultima fæt*
Quæstio———.

Ought I not, my friend, to be cautious in discovering the blemishes and defects of this my native spot, to one so resolutely determined to publish all the truths he knows of it, even the worst, with the sincerity and justice of an unconcerned historian? Now, methinks, I see you smile, and ask me, What is it you thus endeavour to conceal? Is not the fidelity of your island become a proverb; your policy a jest; your politeness, wantonness and mimicry; your commerce, a combination of protected thieves, the bane of industry and trade? Nor is there any other sign of divinity or liberty remaining with you, except the opening of your churches and the courts of justice; in a word, it is become the characteristic of the English, that they account it less glorious to act wisely, than to defend the doing otherwise. Yes, there

there is too much truth in your remarks ; the remembrance of virtue is almost lost, and if any retain sentiments of honesty and religion, they must be very secret, if they would escape the public laughter. This may be an excuse for the son of your friend ; he came green upon the stage, was hurried into the triumph of vice, and bore down by the torrent of corruption ; his beauty and comeliness of parts

—— *Rara est adeo concordia formæ,
Atque pudicitie* ——

were no small temptation to engage him with the vain, the gay, and the vicious. They were the prevailing party, in whose society he squander'd an estate dishonourably, and now (I had almost said deservedly) seeks for a servile maintenance from that sink—a court.—His fall occasioned this reflection of mine on beauty ; with which I'll conclude.

“ Beauty doth recommend the bearer to
 “ Our notice ; and works a kind impression
 “ On all spectators, in its own behalf.
 “ But if it bring not matter of more worth,
 “ As wisdom, reason, and the charms of virtue,
 “ It is the worthless owner's brand of shame,
 “ And makes the stalling idiot more our scorn.”

LETTER II.

S I R,

ALL the books which have been published here, worthy notice, I have constantly sent as you directed: if I have with-held my opinion of their merit, as you complain, it was for many reasons I judged it unnecessary. Why do you so continually attack my vanity, by the compliments you pay my judgment? But since you seek some particulars of Mr. Pope, whose writings I profess, amongst thousands, to be an admirer of, as I have often intimated, I will take this occasion to inform you what I know concerning him. Many pieces of his, The Essay on Criticism; The Rape of the Lock; The Essays and Dissertations on Homer, have appeared in your parts: and one proof of their excellency, is their being naturalized by persons of very eminent ability and rank. Other languages* are enrich'd with these and others of his works; yet, would you believe it, he has translated Homer, preserv'd the sublimity, strength, harmony, closeness, and every other excellence of that venerable poet, without

* They have been translated both into French and Italian.

without knowing a syllable of Greek*; and with an absolute ignorance of the English. His Essay on Criticism, is a smooth repetition of Vida's nonsense. His Pastorals are no Pastorals. Nor is he a poet. These things are brayed about our streets. The *Asinorum crepitus*, the din of Grub-street pretenders to poetry, and false critics, have arose to poison our judgments; some say, he is too little to write well; others, that he has only a knack of writing, and these wretches all write themselves, to convince us it is without a knack; cellars are full of their murmurings, where, like so many merciless chymists, they violently rack and torture nature to confess some worth she has not in her. Mr. Pope is accounted by those, not his enemies, of overmuch borrowing; this you will rather praise than disapprove, when you shall know, that the finest thoughts of the best writers were never made use of by him, till he had improved and made them better. View him in his public character, he is an honour to our nation; the good and wise rejoice that such and so notable a genius is manifested amongst us; he has the satisfaction of not having lived in vain, and has obliged the valuable part of mankind, and is beloved

D 4

by

* See Pope's Letter to Addison, Jan. 30, 1713-14.

by all the learned, good, and wise. View him in private life, there is nothing more amiable and endearing. He is an example of the duty we owe our parents, and the love we ought to bear our friends. There is no truth, if what I tell you is not true; no friendship, if I am not your friend.

L E T T E R III *.

S I R,

FORGIVE me, if I obtrude my advice; think not of publishing, as yet. Your works, like fine painting and wine, will ripen into more worth

* That these Letters were written by Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay appears by the compliment paid him in this third Letter; for the works of his friend, and the catastrophe of his play, evidently allude to the *Beggar's Opera*.

So the character in the conclusion of the second corresponds with that which Mr. Jacob (in his Letter to Mr. Dennis, April 24, 1729, published by Mr. Dennis in his Remarks on the *Dunciad*) mentions:—In the Lives of the Poets, by Mr. Jacob, Vol. II. p. 145, 146, 151, &c. the sentences following are by his authority: “ This
 “ excellent poet, [Alexander Pope] whose fame exceeds
 “ not his merit, was born, &c. There is great ease,
 “ strength, wit, and judgment, in his compositions; all
 “ his pieces are universally applauded, and the great
 “ Sheffield asserted his work. His private character is
 “ the best, being summ’d up in a good companion and a
 “ firm friend. Mr. Pope has fire and spirit equal to that
 “ great

worth by age; you should certainly complete the catastrophe. I rejoice you have resisted the temptation offer'd; it would be madness to throw an appearance of partiality on the face of your performance, which you have so bravely avoided in every other part. The devil is black enough in his real character; the truer you can paint him, the more damnably he will appear. I can but laugh to see what an appearance kings, and ministers (the guardians of kings) make, when they are shewn in history, stripp'd of courtiers and attendants. If in their lives they had few sure friends, after their deaths they shall have fewer. It is then that the glory is taken from their heads, and their pride trampled on. Are they not deceived, my friend, who think by power to bury in oblivion the ill actions they are guilty of; or to keep posterity from the knowledge of their vices? I was the other day at a great man's levee; it made me shudder: he was corpulent and gross of body, and seem'd to me as if fattening for
some

“ great undertaking, his translation of Homer: and he
“ is excellent in prose as well as verse,” &c. That these high praises and commendations of himself were by him particularly approved of, in a printed proof of his life and character, which I transmitted to him for his correction, I am ready to make oath of, if requir'd; and by his alterations and additions therein, he entirely made the compliment his own.

some sacrifice. I then thought a corrupt minister, surrounded by his creatures and mercenaries, like the man, who by unlawful practices had obtained the services of evil spirits, and thinks it noble to be attended on by fiends, but yet expects in the end, that they will tear him to pieces.

Mr. POPE to Lord ———.

MY LORD,

I Had (the best kind of honour) the pleasure of both your letters. I never was more earnest for any innocent thing than to enjoy the sylvan bower this season. One desire only overcame it, that of having you a witness of the pleasure I should take in it. The moment I find myself disappointed of that hope, I fly thither. Accordingly we lie there to-night.

I can't tell you in what a manner I am affected by every thing you say to me. I begin to wish I desired more things, to give you the pleasure of gratifying me in 'em. The ladies I talk'd of have disappointed me (that is, disappointed you) in taking away my expectation of seeing them. I'll not say a word more

for fear of writing like those that mean nothing, that is, writing in all the terms of respect and gratitude: for the rogues (as Montaign says) have got all those expressions in their possession, and have left no honest man wherewithal to speak his mind unsuspectedly. I'd rather send you any thing else, as you'll see by the pains I have prevailed on Mr. Gay to take in the enclosed, who is as

I am,

With truth and esteem,

Your, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to ———.

S I R,

I Am sorry to give you this trouble, which I'm forc'd to, on account of a letter directed to our man at Mr. Jervas's in Cleveland court, which I yesterday sent by one of your servants from Twitenham. There was inclosed in it a paper of great concern, which I find was never brought to my lodging. I beg you to enquire about it, and let it be given to the bearer, if possible, to-night: if not
you'll

you'll extremely oblige me in sending the letter to-morrow very early to me, it requiring haste. I beg you always to believe me with all esteem,

Dear S I R,

Your most faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. Jervas's in Cleveland Court,
Wenfsday 7 o'clock.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ———.

S I R,

I Have deferr'd to give you this trouble to the very last settling of my accounts. I have a demand upon me for first volumes of Homer, which are wanted for some new subscribers, no more having been printed than were subscribed for at first. You will therefore oblige me equally, and it will be equally to my interest, either to order the payment of Mr. Le Grand's and Mr. Buckingham's subscriptions, or to return me the books again by the Reading coach. I beg the favour of a line on this subject, and at the same time the pleasure of knowing that yourself and family are all in that health and happiness which I heartily wish them.

I am,

With all affection, &c.

Mr. POPE to ———

S I R,

London, June 1, 1717.

I Receiv'd yours with the enclosed bill on Lord Molineux for 400 livres, but his Lordship hath not been in London this long time, and they don't know at my Lord Cardigan's (whither the bill is directed) when he will return, or which way I may apply about it. The sum is too small to be worth much trouble, and therefore if you could remit both this and the year of the life-rent together, by a bill on some correspondent of yours who is surely to be met with, or on Mr. Daniel Arthur here, it would be much more convenient. Upon your notice given, directed as usual, I will return you inclos'd the note you sent; and am,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

A. POPE.

I am very sorry to give you this second trouble, but can't tell how to help it.

Mr. POPE to ———

DEAR SIR,

I Am much rejoiced at your safe arrival at Dublin, the news of which I had from Frank last post. I am oblig'd to you for the care which I doubt not you'll take of the books I troubled you with. Dr. Ellwood has writ for several third volumes for the subscribers he collected. They amount to twelve with Ellwood's own, for which he has sent the money to me. I therefore desire you to give 11 third volumes of common paper out of your parcell to the following gentlemen, and one of the best for himself.

Mr. ROBERT HOWARD.

Mr. MORTON.

GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq.

Mr. SINGLETON.

Mr. LUDLOW.

Mr. TUCKER.

Mr. SYNGE.

Dr. WALMSLEY.

Dr. GILBERT.

Mrs. FORD—best paper.

Mr. HILL.

Lord MASSARINE.

A PETITION drawn up by Mr. POPE for —

PLEASE YOUR LADISHIP,

I Do humbly crave your good honourable Ladiships pardon to your poor almswoman Francis Bourne, who has been supported (with my mother) from your good Ladiships house for these thirty years; for which I shall be ever bound to pray for your honour and honourable family.

Being for this twelvemonth kept out from the door, and not receiving the weekly bread I always had, or any other charity which your good honour always allow'd me with the rest of your Ladiships poor parish-women, my condition is very deplorably sad, and if my good Lady would order me to be let work or wash in the house, or continue your honourable charity to me by your Ladiships ourder, I shall be ever praying for your honor and all yours health and happinefs. But whether your Ladiship does or not, I shall daily pray for as I always do. By

Your good Honour's poor almswoman,

FRANCES BOURNE.

Beginning of a Letter from Mr. POPE to —.

DEAR SIR,

I Have treated you as we commonly do our best benefactor, make a hasty use of all the advantages he puts us in the capacity of possessing, and thank him afterwards at our idle leisure, if we have the grace to thank him at all. —

Mr. POPE to his FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is to beg you would enquire of Mrs. Clark if she will board a family for the summer in her house, and at what rate? Be pleased also to ask at the house over against ours, Mr. Gascoin's sister, if she will board, &c. and how many beds there are to be let there, and the lowest rate? and send word by the first post you can to me. I am very well, and beg you both to believe me most affectionately,

Your most dutifull

And obedient son,

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to his FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

I Have recovered the ten guineas at Sir Richard Hoare's. Dr. Arbuthnot says, since my mother is better, to cure the bitterness she complains of, she should chew rhubarb and snake-root, about half a dram each morning, for two or three days, instead of a vomit. But if she will venture a vomit, not. Carduus tea can do no harm, even if she should not vomit.

I have sold 500*l.* at 100*l.* which was bad luck, since it might have been parted with yesterday and to-day at 101*l.* and a half. I hope soon to see you, but desire an account how my mother does, and am

Your most obedient,

And affectionate son,

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to his BROTHER.

Saturday.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Hope to be with you on Monday next: If you don't see me that night, I desire you to

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E

send

send a man and horse (such a one as I may ride safely) on Tuesday morning to the Toy by Hampton-Court gate, by ten o'clock, and I will not fail to wait upon you ; which being all the business of this letter, I shall add no more, than that I am my sister's and

Yours most affectionately,

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to his SISTER.

Twickenham, August 1st.

DEAR SISTER,

THE business of this is to acquaint you with my intentions of sending for you with the chariot on Thursday or Friday next, in order to get you hither. I have named the latest day that I could possibly allow you to stay from us, being obliged to lend the chariot upon a journey on Saturday. We will take no denial, and therefore expect no excuse, or answer to the contrary, from you. If I hear nothing (as I hope I shan't) it shall certainly come one of the days aforesaid : so pray be in readiness. My hearty love to you both, and my mother's kindest remembrances.

I am always, dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

A. POPE.

EXTRACTS AND LETTERS

FROM

MR. POPE * to HENRY CROMWELL, Esq.

*Extract from the Letter of March 18, 1708.*Line 10, *after* into the country, *read* :

——HOWEVER I will confess myself the less concern'd on that account, because I have no very violent inclination to lose my heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this forest is : in the town, 'tis ten to one but a young fellow may find his stray'd heart again, with some Wild-street or Drury-lane damsel ; but here, where I could have met with no redress from an unmerciful, virtuous dame, I must for ever have lost my little traveller in

E 2

a hole

* Though Mr. Pope complained, in his letters to Mr. Craggs and Mr. Bethel, of the publication of his puerile epistles to Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Cromwell, on account of his ill judgment of men and things, yet he afterwards admitted them in the edition published by himself ; so the sentiments he then entertained received the sanction of his riper years, and should not have been rejected, nor that number of paragraphs in several letters extracted, which we have now restored to the public.

a hole, where I could never rummage to find him again.

P. S. Pray do not put an anachronism again upon me, for my game at tables out of Plutarch.

I gave your service to Mr. Wycherley yesterday; and desire you to give mine to — let me see — Mr. Tydcombe.

Mr. POPE to HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq.*

April 25, 1708.

SIR,

THIS letter greets you from the shades;
(Not those which thin unbody'd shades fill,

That glide along th' Elysian glades,
Or skim the flow'ry meads of Asphodill:)

But those, in which a learned author said,

Strong drink was drunk, and gambols play'd,
And two substantial meals a-day were made. }

The business of it is t' express,

From me and from my holiness,

To you, and to your gentleness,

How much I wish you health and happiness;

And much good news, and little spleen as may be;

A hearty stomach, and sound lady;

And

And ev'ry day a double dose of coffee,
To make you look as sage as any Sophy.

For the rest, I must be content in plain prose to assure you, that I am very much oblig'd to you for the favour of your letter, and in particular, for the translation of that one Latin verse, which cost you three in English,

“ One short, one long,
“ One smooth, one strong,
“ One right, one wrong.”

}

But if I may be allowed to object against any thing you write (which I must do, if it were only to be even with you for your severity to me) it shou'd be that passage in yours, where you are pleas'd to call the whores of Drury-lane, the nymphs of Drury. I must own it was some time before I could frame to myself any plausible excuse for this expression; but affection (which you know, Sir, excuses all things) at last furnish'd me with one in your justification; which I have here sent you, in verse, that you may have at least some rhyme to defend you, tho' you shou'd have no reason.

If wit or critick blame the tender swain,
Who stil'd the gentle damsels in his strain
The nymphs of Drury, not of Drury-lane;

}

Be this his answer, and most just excuse—
 “ Far be it, Sirs, from my more civil muse,
 “ Those loving ladies rudely to traduce.
 “ Alleys and lanes are terms too vile and base,
 “ And give ideas of a narrow pass;
 “ But the well-worn paths of the nymphs of Drury
 “ Are large and wide, Tydcombe and I assure ye.”

I made no question but the news of Sapho's staying behind me in the town, wou'd surprize you. But she is since come into the country, and to surprize you more, I will inform you, that the first person she nam'd when I waited on her, was one Mr. Cromwell. What an ascendant have you over all the sex, who could gain the fair-one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black, unpowder'd periwig; nay, without so much as the very extremities of clean linen in neckloth and cuffs! I guess that your friend Vertumnus, among all the forms he assum'd to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a slovenly beau. Well, Sir, I leave you to your meditations on this occasion, and to languish unactive (as you call it.)

But I find I have exceeded my bounds, and begin to travel on the confines of impertinence. However, to make you amends, I shall desire Mr. Wycherley

to

to deliver you this letter, who will be sure in less than a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, to give you wit enough to atone for twice as much dulness as I have troubled you with. Therefore I shall only give my respects to some of our acquaintance, and conclude,

To Baker first my service, pray ;
 To Tydcombe eke,
 And Mr. Cheek ;
 Last to yourself my best respects I pay,
 And so remain, for ever and for ay,

S I R,

Your affectionate

Humble servant,

A. POPE.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of Nov. 18, 1708.

P. S. SIR, I shall take it as a great favour if you will give me a line or two, directed to me at Binfield near Ockingham, by Ockingham bag, Berks ; and if Mr. Wycherley be in town, you will oblige me by letting me know it ; for I fear he is not

well, having not heard a good while from him, and not knowing where to direct a letter to him in case he be yet in the country.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of Jan. 22, 1708-9.

P. S. THIS immeasurable long letter is like a large worthless country present, which expects in return a little one from the town, but of much greater value.

Extract from the Letter of May 7, 1709.

After well-penn'd verses (which is the first line of the third page) read:

— I have been told of a very lucky compliment of an officer to his mistress in the very same place, which I cannot but set down (and desire you at present to take it in good part instead of a Latin quotation) that it may some time or other be improv'd by your pronunciation, while you walk *solus cum sola* in those amorous shades.

“ When at Spring-garden Sapho deigns t'appear,
 “ The flow'rs march in her van, musk in her rear.”

After

After feldom observed it, (in the conclusion) read:

—SIR, I shall be very proud of a line or two from you sometimes during this summer, which will be always very welcome and very obliging to,

S I R,

Your most humble and

Most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of July 17, 1709.

After very sincerely, in the conclusion, read:

Dear S I R,

Your most oblig'd and

Affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. PRAY give my service to Mr. Tydcombe, and intreat him with all possible tenderness, not to defraud me of the letter he writ, and which so rightfully belongs to me,

Extract

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of Aug. 19, 1709.

After the conclusion, read :

P. S. I have not heard these two months from Mr. Wycherley, tho' I have written to him twice. I am since told he has been ill, which I am very much concern'd for, and fear is the occasion of his silence since his last letters, which were the kindest in the world. If you happen at your return to find him in town, it will be very obliging to let me know of it; in the mean time, a letter from you will make me the best amends for my solitude.

Mr. POPE to HENRY CROMWELL, Esq.

Nov. 30, 1709.

SIR,

ABOUT the time that Mr. Wycherley came to London, I troubled you with a letter of mine, in hopes of prevailing with you to continue the favour of yours. But I now write to convince you that silence is not always the surest guard against impertinence: I have too great a sense of those many civilities receiv'd from you, to desist from expressing it, till I receive more: for you not only have acquainted

quainted me with many of my errors in scribbling, but with some in my conduct; and I owe to you the knowledge of things infinitely more of concern to myself, than any thing of mine can be to others. The advantage I have obtain'd from both might endanger your being put upon an endless trouble of criticizing on the rest of my faults, and therefore you have reason to make some delay with those now under your examination. Tho' I never cou'd expect you shou'd once look upon them, but when you were perfectly at leisure; yet so much assurance your former kindness had given me, that I was under some apprehensions for your health, on the score of your silence; and I desir'd Mr. Wycherley to inform me on that subject; which he did not, either through forgetfulness, or else believing I shou'd be soon in town. And I had certainly been there before this time, had it been in my power to comply with his most obliging invitation, and my desires of seeing him and you. But since I find I must not hope for that satisfaction till after Christmas, I entreat you will not, in the mean time, let me be so unhappy as to doubt of your welfare; which is the sole business of this letter, that (to make you some amends for the unconscionable length of my last) shall not add a
word

word more, but that which I hope you will ever believe, that I am,

Dear S I R,

Your most oblig'd and

Most humble servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray continue to assure Mr. Wycherley of my real affection for, and service to him, and let him know I writ to him two posts since. You will likewise oblige me by giving my service to Mr. Betterton when you see him, who (I am afraid) is not well, not having seen his name among the actors in the publick advertisements.

To HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq.*

December 15, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

I Receiv'd the favour of your kind letter, wherein I find you have oblig'd me before I expected it, in reviewing the papers I sent you. I have been ask'd, I believe twenty times, by Sir
2 William

William Trumbull for a fight of that translation, but have deferr'd it till I cou'd supply the blank spaces I left in the fair copy, by your approbation. If therefore you will send it inclos'd to Mr. Thorold the Tobacconist in Duke-street, to be sent me by the coach as soon as you can conveniently, it will come very opportunely ; since I find I can no longer refuse to show it to Sir William with any decency. I am mightily pleas'd with your objection to my attributing friendship to dogs, yet think the want of equality is no obstacle to the friendship of some country gentlemen of my acquaintance with theirs. I am extremely impatient to enjoy your agreeable conversation, and to let you know how much I prefer it to any here, where indeed dogs and men are much on a level, only the first have more good-nature and more sagacity. If I were not at this instant very much afflicted with the head ach, I would offer a few more considerations in behalf of the four-legg'd part of the creation. But I will only add one word, that you and I will never disagree about dogs, or any thing else, for I am with very much esteem, and ever will be,

S I R,

Your most faithful friend,

And humble servant,

A. POPE.

P. S.

P. S. I design to write to Mr. Wycherley by this post, in answer to the most kind and friendly letter I ever receiv'd. I shall never be unhappy or melancholy in the country, as long as he and you will oblige me with your letters.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of April 10, 1710.

After punctually obey'd, read:

DEAR SIR, I give you my thanks for abundance of civility and good-nature shown to me in town on all occasions, and desire you to believe me always sensible of the favours of my friends, which I never forget, any more than I do my friends themselves. 'Tis the chief of my pleasures here, to be assured of their welfare, and I envy the town for nothing else but their continuing in it. You will oblige me by giving my service to those at the coffee-house that have so little to employ their thoughts as to enquire of me; and pray when you see Mr. Balam do the same, who (you told me) was so obliging as to intend me his company before I left London. I am in great impatience of the favour
of

of a line from you, which will be at all times extremely welcome to,

S I R,

Your very faithful

And oblig'd servant,

A. POPE.

Extract of Mr. POPE's Letter of May 10, 1710.

After the conclusion, read :

“ THE tenth of May ; that is (in metre)

“ Just fifty days before St. Peter.”

Extract from the Letter of June 24, 1710.

After be dull, in the conclusion, read :

—— WHEN you are very idle, I
hope to hear from you, for at such times you may
remember there is in the world such a thing as,

Dear S I R,

Your most faithful,

And humble servant,

A. POPE.

P. S.

P. S. Mr. Englesyld always enquires of you, and drinks yours and Mr. Wycherley's health with true country affection. He charges me to give you his most humble service, and hopes the ladies of Drury are no less favourable to you now, than the dames of Paris were formerly.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of August 21, 1710.

After my poetry, in the last line but five, read:

— I fancy you have not many Sir Woolaston Dixey's in Lincolnshire, than whom I have not met with a better bred or better natur'd gentleman, and to whom I beg you will give my most humble service.

Extract from the Letter of October 12, 1710.

After described, in the last line, read:

— but alas !

Fatis agimur, cedite fatis ;

“ Which in our tongue, as I translate, is,”

Fate

Fate rules us : then to fate give way !

—“ Now, dreadful critick ! tell me pray,

“ What have you against this to say ?”

}

I am, desiring much to hear from you,

Dear S I R,

Your most affectionate friend,

And faithful servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. My Sapho (as you heathenishly christen her) is more properly your Sapho, having been above this half year in town. My service, pray, to the other Sapho, who, 'tis to be hop'd, has not yet cast herself headlong from any of the Leucades about London, altho' her Phaon lately fled from her into Lincolnshire.

Tu—Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda,

Et forma & meritis tu Phæbus eris.

“ My Pylades ! what Juv'nal says, no jest is ;”

Scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus Orestes.

Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter of October 28, 1710.

Last Line but three in the conclusion (after affairs with Mr. Wycherley) read :

— I beg you, Sir, to pardon my speaking well of myself in this one thing, since I doubt not but Mr. Wycherley speaks ill enough of me to some others.

*To HENRY CROMWELL, Esq **

November 24, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of style which we have taken up in our correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing ; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the antients, or in the least an acquaintance of Lucan's ; nay 'tis a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his life and conversation, which perhaps I know a little more of than you imagine ; as how he lived some years like an enchanted

* Though some part of this Letter has been transferred to Mr. Walsh, October 22, 1706, on which this seems to be an improvement ; and as there is much matter that is omitted in Mr. Warburton's, we therefore insert it.

chanted knight in a certain island, with a tale into
 the bargain of a king of Denmark's mistress that
 shall be nameless.—But I have compassion on you,
 and wou'd not for the world you shou'd stay any
 longer among the *Genii* and *Semidei Manes*, you know
 where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sapho
 will want your presence in the clouds, and inferior
 regions; not to mention the great loss Drury-lane
 will sustain, when Mr. Cromwell is in the Milky
 Way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of
 the priests you mention, who are a sort of Sortilegi
 in one sense, because in their lottery there are more
 blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at best in
 an uncertainty, whereas the setters up are sure of
 something. Priests indeed in their character, as
 they represent God, are sacred; and so are con-
 stables as they represent the king; but you will own
 a great many of 'em are very odd fellows, and the
 devil a bit of likeness in 'em. Yet I do assure you,
 I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and
 I think, that in condemning these, we praise those.
 I am so far from esteeming ev'n the worst unworthy
 of my protection, that I have defended their cha-
 racter (in Congreve's and Vanbrugh's plays) ev'n
 against their own brethren. And so much for priests
 in general. Now for Trapp in particular, whose

translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you; not (I will assure you) on account of any sort of prejudice to him as a priest, but because, I think, he has nothing of the main characteristick of his author, a graceful easiness. For let the sense be never so exactly render'd, unless an author looks like himself in his air, habit, and manner, 'tis a disguise and not a translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholding to him than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your mention in this and your last letter of the defect in numbers of several of our poets, puts me upon communicating a few thoughts, or rather doubts of mine on that head, some of which 'tis likely I may have hinted to you formerly in conversation: but I will here put together all the little niceties I can recollect in the compass of my observation.

(I.) As to the Hiatus, it is certainly to be avoided as often as 'possible; but on the other hand, since the reason of it is only for the sake of the numbers, so if, to avoid it, we incur another fault against their smoothness, methinks the very end of that nicety is destroy'd: as when we say (for instance)

“ But

“ But th’ old have interest ever in their view.”

To avoid the Hiatus, in ———

—————“ The old have int’reſt”—————

Does not the ear in this place tell us, that the Hiatus is smother, less constrain’d, and so preferable to the Cæsura ?

(2.) I wou’d except against all expletives in verse, as *do* before verbs plural, or ev’n too frequent use of *did* or *does*, to change the termination of the rhyme ; all these being against the usual manner of speech, and meer fillers up of unnecessary syllables.

(3.) Monosyllable-lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, languishing, and hard.

(4.) The repeating the same rhimes within four or six lines of each other ; which tire the ear with too much of the like sound.

(5.) The too frequent use of Alexandrines, which are never graceful but when there is some majesty added to the verse by ’em, or when there cannot be found in ’em a word but what is absolutely needful.

(6.) Every nice ear must (I believe) have observ’d, that in any smooth English verse of ten syl-

lables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable ; as for example, Waller.

At the fifth.

“ Where-e’er thy navy | spreads her canvass wings,”

At the fourth.

“ Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.”

At the sixth.

“ Like tracts of leverets | in morning snow.”

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, none of these pauses shou’d be continu’d above three lines together without the interposition of another ; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continu’d tone ; at least it does mine.

(7.) It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, that the verse be (as the French call it) *coulante* ; but a good poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound : as in describing a gliding stream, the numbers shou’d run easy and flowing ; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling ; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else that I know of to any observable degree.

degree. The following examples will make this very plain, which I have taken from Vida.

Molle viam tacito lapsu per lævia radit.

Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.

Luēlantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.

Immenso cum præcipitans ruit oceano nox.

Telum imbelle sine iētu, conjecit.

Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.

Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of this in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, entitled, Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Musick.

I ask your pardon for this tedious Letter, and expect a long one in answer to these notions concerning the versification. I expect also the voyage of Ovid's mistress with more impatience than Ovid himself cou'd her return. The other journey you speak of (mine to London) must yet be deferr'd; but tho' I desire nothing more than to enjoy the happiness of your conversation, yet I have too much conscience to let mine cost you any thing but your

patience. I am heartily sorry for poor Mr. Wycherley's illness, and 'tis to his being long indispos'd that I partly attribute his chagrin. I wish he may enjoy all the happiness he desires, tho' he has been the occasion of my enjoying much less than I did formerly. I look upon your kindness to me as doubly engaging at this time, and shall never cease to acknowledge it, or to profess myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most real friend, and

Most humble servant,

A. POPE.

To HENRY CROMWELL, *E/q.*

DEAR SIR,

June 10th, 1711.

I Was extremely concern'd to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and desir'd Mr. Thorold to give me an account of the state of your health by the next coach: he omitted to do it, and I have not been since at Mr. Englesyld's, till yesterday, when I receiv'd the ill news that you continu'd ill, or much as I left you: I hope this is not true,

and shall be very uneasy in my fears for your health till I have a farther account from yourself, which I beg you not to defer. I hope the air of this forest may perfectly recover you, and wish you wou'd to that end try it sooner than the end of the month; if you desire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this request, and Mr. Englesyld is overjoy'd with the hopes of seeing you at his house. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this, that you can't be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater interest in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myself; who am with all the esteem and tenderness of a friend,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful

Humble servant,

A. POPE.

To HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR,

January 25, 1711.

IF my letter pleas'd you, yours overjoy'd me; and I expect impatiently your kind visit: a little room and a little heart are both at your service, and you may be secure of being easy in 'em at least, tho' not happy. For you shall go just your own way, and keep your own hours, which is more than can be done often in places of greater entertainment.—As to your letter of Critical Remarks on Dryden's Virgil, I can only say, most of what you observe are true enough, but of no great consequence (in my opinion at least.) Line 250. "And sanctify
"the flame"—seems to me very beautiful; and so does—" 'tis doubly to be dead." Line 946. "And
"bandy'd words still beat about his ears."—This I have thought gross as well as you. I agree with you that the 993d line, "And clos'd her lids at last
"in endless night"—is contradictory to the sense of Virgil; for so, as you say, Iris might have been spar'd. And in the main 'tis to be confess'd that the translator has been freer with the character of Dido than his modest author wou'd allow. I am just taking horse to see a friend five miles off, that I may
have

have no little visits abroad to interrupt my happiness at home when you are here. So that I can but just assure you, how pleas'd I am in the expectation of it, and how sincerely I shall ever be,

Dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd and

Affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray bring a very considerable number of pint bottles with you ; this might seem a strange odd request, if you had not told me you wou'd stay but as many days as you brought bottles ; therefore you can't bring too many, tho' we are here no drunkards. 'Tis a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occasion, and Horace helps me to one now.

— *Non ego te meis*

Immunem meditor tingere poculis,

Plena dives ut in domo.

Ode 12. l. 4.

And to another, Ep. 5. l. 1.

Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non

Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa

Corruget nares —

And

And once more, Sat. 2. l. 2.

— *bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,*

Sed pullo atque hædo ; tum pensilis uva secundas

Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

P. S. Mr. Lintot favour'd me with a sight of Mr. Dennis's piece of fine satire* before 'twas publish'd ; I desire you to read it, and give me your opinion, in what manner such a critick ought to be answered ?

* Remarks on the Essay on Criticism.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I Send this only to let you know how much our whole family desire to hear of your safe arrival in London, and the continuance of your health : you have without compliment oblig'd us all so much by your friendly acceptance of so poor an entertainment here, that you cou'd by nothing have oblig'd us more, but by staying longer. But I take so short a visit only as an earnest of a more kind one hereafter ; as we just call upon a friend sometimes only to tell him he shall see us again.—All you saw
in

in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the ladies in particular, who look upon us as but plain country-fellows since they saw you, and heard more civil things in that fortnight, than they expect from the whole shire of us, in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of 'em, in your snuff-box, will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your admiration, for ever.

“ As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,
 “ While berries crackle, or while mills shall go;
 “ While smoaking streams from silver spouts shall glide,
 “ Or China's earth receive the fable tide;
 “ While coffee shall to British nymphs be dear;
 “ While fragrant steams the bended head shall chear;
 “ Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,
 “ So long her honour, name, and praise, shall last !”

Pray give my service to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular. Farewell; that is, drink strong coffee. *Ingere tibi calices amariores.* I am, with all sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful friend,

July 15th, 1711.

And humble servant,

A. POPE,

TO HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR,

I Receiv'd your most welcome letter, and am asham'd you shou'd seem to give us thanks, where you ought to assure us of pardon for so ill an entertainment. Your heroick intention of flying to the relief of a distressed lady, was glorious, and noble; such as might be expected from your character, for as Chaucer says (I think)

“ As noblest metals are most soft to melt,

“ So pity soonest runs in gentle minds.”

But what you tell me of her relation's account of the state of her mind, is not to be wonder'd at. 'Tis the easiest way they have to make some seeming excuse for a shameful indolence and neglect of afflicted virtue, to represent it as willing to suffer, and endure the cross. Alas! Sir, these good people of large estates, and little souls, have no mind to ease her, by bearing it off her shoulders by a generous assistance! Our Saviour himself did not refuse to be eas'd of the weight of part of his cross; tho' perhaps Simon of Cyrene might alledge to the Jews that 'twas Christ's desire to bear it all himself; and

I

he,

he, for his part, might be willing to go quietly on his journey, without the trouble.—

Be pleas'd to assure Mr. Ballam of my faithful service: I can never enough esteem a zeal so ardent in my concerns, from one I never cou'd any way oblige, or induce to it. 'Tis an effect of the purest, most disinterested strain of natural good-humour in the world. Pray at your leisure return me those papers in my hand which you have, and in Mr. Wycherley's, and favour me as often as you can with your letters, which will ever be the most entertaining things I can receive in your absence.—All those fine persons you mention return you their humble service.—The fate of the Berry moves at once my compassion, and envy: it deserves an elegy; but who besides Catullus and Voiture can write agreeably upon trifles? My humble service to the lady in the Clouds, where, if I am once so happy as to be admitted, I will not be put off like Ixion, but lay hold on the real Juno. I am, most seriously,

Dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd

And most affectionate

July 24th, 1711.

Servant and friend,

A. POPE.

TO HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq* *.

DEAR SIR,

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe: *for I am at this instant plac'd betwixt two such ladies, that in good faith 'tis all I'm able to do, to keep myself in my skin. He! Monsieur Cromwell! Entendez-vous bien!* But indeed 'tis some consolation to me to consider, that while I write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, wou'd not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic wou'd say) "so elegant a spectator of forms;" you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day, and
silver

* All that is in Italic is left out in Mr. Warburton.

silver goddess of night, with all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sapho's eyes are a couple of these my tapers, but it is no such matter, Sir; these are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sapho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you cou'd never have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition: let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and, as for my own, let the Devil or let Dennis take it for ever. How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals, for one of their maiden-heads, and my Essay* for the other? I wou'd lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Translation for a Waiting Maid! *And now (since you find what a blessed disposition I am in)*

*Tell me, by all the melting joys of love,
By the warm transports and entrancing languors,
By the soft fannings of the wafting sheets,
By the dear tremblings of the bed of bliss;
By all these tender adjurations tell me,
—Am I not fit to write a Tragedy?*

* On Criticism.

And would not these lines sound admirably in the mouth of Wilks, especially if he humour'd each period with his leg, and stamp'd with just alacrity at the cadences? But alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murder'd long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I'll e'en compose my own Tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person, to move compassion. 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this Letter, with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I wou'd willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) shou'd have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot * have
put

* On a Miscellany of Poems.

put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page. Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person, with how much ardour and fidelity I am,

Dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend,

And oblig'd servant,

December 21st, 1711.

A. POPE.

*Extract from Mr. POPE's Letter to Mr. GAY,
September 11, 1722.*

After Mrs. Howard, in the 14th line, read:

—AS for Mrs. Blounts (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to Suffex. I hope Mrs. Pultney is the better for the Bath, tho' I have little charity and few good wishes for the ladies, the destroyers of their best friends the men. Pray tell her she has forgot the first com-

mission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she desires). Dr. Arbuthnot is a strange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his bastards at other folks doors. I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a man of morals as well as of politics. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable enquiry t'other day of the welfare of his wife and family: things that (I presume) are below the consideration of a wit and an Ombre-player. They are in perfect health. Tho' Mrs. A—'s navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those regions about the abdomen, pray, dear Gay, consult with him and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch yours may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters.

*Extract from Mr. POPE's Fourth Letter to
Mr. ADDISON.*

Page second, after told me of it, read:

—THE true reason that Mr. Steele laid down the paper, was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookfeller,
in

in articles of penalty, for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of his obligation: these papers being printed by Buckley.

Extract from Mr. POPE to Mr. CONGREVE,
April 7, 1715.

After Lord Chamberlain, at the conclusion, read:

—THEY shall survive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damned; (for that the B—p of S. already is so, is the opinion of Dr. Sacheverel and the church of Rome.)

I am, &c.

Extract from Mr. Secretary CRAGGS' Letter to
Mr. POPE, Sept. 2, 1716.

After meet with, at the bottom of the second page, read:

—IF you'll compleat your favours, pray give my humble services to Lords W—ck, St—, and H—y. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abused me before this time; I am sure it is not my business to meddle with a nest of bees (I speak only of the honey).

*Extract from Mr. POPE to the Honourable ROBERT
DIGBY, January 2, 1717.*

After always, in the last line, read:

—Whether I live, die, or am damned
as a poet,

Yours most faithfully.

*An additional Passage to a Letter to Mr. BLOUNT,
September 8, 1717.*

“ I have been lately reading Jeffery of
“ Monmouth in the translation of a clergyman in
“ my neighbourhood. He wanted my help to versify
“ the prayer of Brutus, made when he was much
“ in our circumstances *, inquiring in what land to
“ set up his seat, and worship like his fathers.”

Goddeſs of woods, tremendous in the chace,
To mountain-wolves and all the ſavage race,
Wide o'er th' ærial vault extend thy ſway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day,
“ On thy third reign look down ;” diſcloſe our fate,
In what new nation ſhall we fix our ſeat ?

When

* As Papiſts.

When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

At the end of the Letter, after emperor, read:

I must add another Apophthegm of the same noble Earl; it was the saying of a politick prince, "Time and he would get the better of any two others." To which Lord Oxford made this answer;

"Time and I 'gainst any two?"

"Chance and I 'gainst Time and you."

Extract from Mr. POPE to Mr. BLOUNT,

June 27, 1723.

In the third page, after he is gone, in the sixth line, read:

—— He carry'd away more learning than is left in this nation behind him: but he left us more in the noble example of bearing calamity well. 'Tis true, we want literature very much; but pray God we don't want patience more! if these precedents are to prevail.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Extract from the Letter of January 10, 1723.

After assure you of it, in the second page, tenth line, read:

— IT is an honest truth, there is no one living or dead of whom I think oftener or better than yourself. I look upon you to be (as to me) in a state between both; you have from me, all the passions and good wishes that can attend the living, and all that respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead.

Mr. POPE to Mr. BETHEL.

Letter of August 9, 1733.

In the second page, line 14, after offend you, read the note:

SHALL burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
O blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?

Extract from Letter XI. To a LADY.

After place, in the last line of the second page, read:

——Mrs. —— expects the Pretender at her lodgings by Saturday se'ennight. She has bought a picture of Madam Maintenon to set her features by, against that time. Three priests of your acquaintance are very positive, by her interest, to be his father-confessor.

Extract from Letter XIV. To a LADY.

After several times in her head, the last line but three in the second page, read:

——THIS day I receiv'd a letter with certain advices where women were to be met with at Oxford. I defy them and all their works: I love no meat but ortolans, and no women but you: tho' indeed that's no proper comparison, but for fat Duchesses; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat angels, or to drink cherubim-broth.

Mrs. M. BLOUNT to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

MY sifter and I shall be at home all day : if any company come that you don't like, I'll go up into any room with you : I hope we shall see you.

Yours,

M.

Sunday morning.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. GAY.

DEAR GAY,

Binfield, May 4, 1714.

SINCE by your letter we find you can be content to breathe in smoke, to walk in crouds, and divert yourself with noise, nay, and to make fine pictures of this way of life, we should give you up as one abandon'd to a wrong choice of pleasures. We have, however, so much compassion on you, as to think of inviting you to us, where your taste for books, friendship, and ease may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your description of the court, for indeed humanity is frail, and we cannot but remember some particular honours which we have enjoy'd in

conversation; bate us this one point, and we stand you, still untir'd with one another, and fresh to the pleasures of the country. If you wou'd have any news from us, know that we are all well at present: this I am sure wou'd have been allow'd by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this, send us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commissions. Give my respects to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the Provost. Dear Gay, adieu.

Your affectionate friend,

And humble servant,

THO. PARNELLE.

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

DEAR MR. GAY,

ABOVE all other news, send us the best, that of your good health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. Harcourt made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay

lay myself in a truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their customs, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done: The Doctor, last Sunday, intending to say Our Father, was got half way in Chryses' prayer to Apollo. The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively describ'd in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worshipp'd by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world.

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-brow'd Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the Doctor, or inforce a criticism of my own. In a word, Y—g himself has not acquir'd more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's.

In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burlesque you write about.

Dr.

Dr. Parnelle also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost fidelity and esteem) my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucolias! !

THY LOVING COUNTRYMAN.

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

October 23.

I Have been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy, that the immortality of the soul has been my constant speculation, as the mortality of my body my constant plague. In good earnest, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonson's miscellany with some very beautiful copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design: I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. Swift much approves what I propos'd, even to the very title, which
I design

I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, published monthly, in which whatever book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grubstreet.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engag'd in poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Fortescue when he comes to town, before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good-nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

I Am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and am glad to hear that Mrs. Pope is something better. Considering how ill she is, you can't expect her to recover but by degrees, and therefore you ought to hope the best. But above
all,

all, let me renew my request to you to be careful of your own health. I have sent John for the lead, and hope he will be able to procure some to send with this. I am, with the greatest haste,

Dear Sir,

Yours, W. A.

Monday morning.

Remember me kindly to Gay.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. GAY.

DEAR GAY,

NOT having heard any thing of you to-day, I suppose this may find you at Chiswick. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Pope, Mr. Alexander Pope the elder, and Mr. Alexander Pope the younger. But I'm just going to forget the chief end of my letter, which is, that Mr. Blount has (as he says) got a very easy going little horse which you may have for five guineas. He rid him up himself, and says he knows no fault in him: so if you don't succeed with my Lord Burlington, you may at least with him. My head akes.

I am,

Your most affectionate,

W. A.

To Mr. POPE. From his MOTHER.

MY DEARE,

A Letter from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charls Rackitt, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to cole here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster. He shall dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street; but the day will be unsirton, soe I thinck you had better to send itt to me. He will not faile to cole here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your sister is very well, but your brother is not. Theres Mr. Blunt, of *mapill Durem*, is ded; the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. My firvis to Mrs. Blunts, and all that ask of me. I hope to here from you, and that you are well, which is my dalye prayers; this, with my blessing, I am,

Your loving mother,

Tuesday, 12 o'clock.

ED. POPE.

☞ It appears from manuscripts of Mr. Pope, that he occasionally indulged his affectionate and amiable mother in transcribing some part of his *Iliad* for the press; and the numerous corrections made in his own hand, sufficiently shew, that her mode of spelling gave him more trouble than the subsequent inaccuracy of his printers.

The

The pleasure such a good old woman must have felt in writing over verses, which she justly thought would confer immortality on her son, is more easy to be conceived than expressed; while his willingness to support her in the enjoyment of a fancy'd consequence, affords a glimpse of that filial tenderness, which forms perhaps the most captivating trait in his whole character.

INSCRIPTIONS, *by* Mr. POPE.

AH EDITHA
MATRVM OPTVMA
MVLIERVAM AMANTISSIMA
VALE.

*Over the Entrance of the Grotto, or Subterraneous Way,
is this INSCRIPTION;*

SECRETVM ITER
ET FALLENTIS
SEMITA VITAE.

Mr. TONSON to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

I Have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than,

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

Gray's-Inn-Gate,
April the 20th, 1706.

JACOB TONSON.

Mr. TONSON to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

December 23, 1724.

I Cannott possibly see you at Twitnam myself. I have therefore sent you the Preface from Lord Cobham, and a proof of the Monument with
the

the draft. I request the favour of you to settle the Inscription as you would have it, and return it to me, then the plate may be worked. I do assure you I shall always be very glad to oblige and serve you all in my power, and am,

Your obliged faithful servant,

J. TONSON.

I was with the Speaker yesterday;
he told me you had promised to
dine with him at Chiswick in the
holydays, and bring your Preface
(with some alterations) with you.
After that, I beg to have it, for
I am impatient to publish.

Mr. TONSON to Mr. POPE.

YOU have enclosed the account of
the profit of ——— works. For the books sold I
have allowed you all the money I have received, and
the binding, &c. I have charged at the price it
cost me. You will please to call and bring with you
the agreement between us, which may be executed.—
I will give you my note to deliver the books left

[100]

when required. I wish you would send me the Merchant of Venice by the waterman.

Your most obliged

Humble servant,

J. TONSON.

Mr. TONSON to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday, eleven at night.

I Have just now received yours, and indeed it is not my fault I have not seen you, having been hindered by business I could not help minding; but I will not fail seeing you on Sunday morning early, but must return to dinner, having a little company to dine with me that day. Do but excuse me till I see you, and I will satisfy you that I have not neglected you. As for Shakspear, Watts's brother died lately, which has hindered his business a little; but now things will go on better.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. TONSON.

Mr. POPE to Mr. LINTOTT.

S I R,

PRAY send Mr. Broom the sheets of all the notes that are printed, that he may avoid the repetitions, &c. but I would not have the poetry sent, knowing the consequences of its being shown about to every body before it's published, which I will not have done; nor, I suppose, would you.

I am always your's,

A. POPE.

Mr. LINTOTT to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

June 10th, 1715.

YOU have Mr. Tickle's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politicks.

Sir John Germain has his book.

All your books are delivered pursuant to the directions, the middle of the week after you left us.

The Princess is extremely pleased with her book.

You shall have your folios preserved.

Mr. Broom I have not heard from.

Pray detain me not from publishing my own book, having delivered the greatest part of the subscribers already upwards of four hundred.

I designed to publish Monday sevenight. Pray interrupt me not with an errata.

I doubt not the sale of Homer, if you do not disappoint me by delaying publication.

Your's,

BERNARD LINTOTT.

Service to Mr. Gay.

Lord Bolingbroke is impeached this night.

The noise the report makes does me some present damage.

Mr. LINTOTT to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

June 22, 1715.

THE hurry I have been in by the report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it published, has prevented the publication of Homer for the present, till the noise be over; and those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation, are buried in politicks.

Mr. Thornhill sent to me for his own book, which he paid for to you, as he says, and paid me eight guineas of the subscriptions of

Sarah, Countess of Winchelsea.

Mrs. Seymour.

Berkley Seymour, Esq.

Charles Frotherby, Esq.

Mr. Harcourt and Lord Harcourt have had thirteen books to their house, ten of which were of the finest paper.

I will observe your directions about Mr. Broome. The 2nd. volume of Homer shall be sent in a day or two.

The project for printing the first book of Homer, with Mr. Dryden's and Mr. Tickle's, and Mr.

Manwarring's, together, is well thought off. I proposed it to Mr. Tonson, but it will not do. I will consider further of it.

The Duke of Ormond is to be impeached for high-treason, and Earl of Stafford for high crimes and misdemeanors.

May success attend your studies, is the hearty prayer of

Your's, to command,

BERND. LINTOTT.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. LINTOTT.

MR. LINTOTT,

August 4, 1712.

MR. Addison desired me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account *. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings †, he

* Of the frenzy of Mr. John Den—. A narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his letter to Mr. Addison of July 30, 1714.

† Remarks upon Cato.

he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it. I am,

S I R,

Your very humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

Mr. FENTON to Mr. LINTOTT.

MR. LINTOTT,

September 14, 1719.

PRAY give my most humble service to Mr. Pope, and tell him, I beg the favour of him to let me know when he comes to town, what morning I shall wait on him at his lodging; for I walk out in a morning so often, that I may there-
wise lose an opportunity of seeing him.

Lib. xxii. ver. 132. The first part of Dacier's note is taken from Eustathius; but instead of Aurelius Victor and Dion, he quotes Herodotus, without mentioning the book he takes it from.

Ver.

Ver. 467. I cannot find that Eustathius assigns the same reasons that Mm. does, why Apollo and Neptune do not fight with one another.

Your humble servant,

E. FENTON.

I will endeavour to find out the passage above-mentioned in Herodotus.

Mr. FENTON to Mr. POPE.

To Mr. POPE at Bienfield, near Oakingham, Berks.

No date.

I Have received a specimen of the extracts from Eustathius but this week. The first gentleman who undertook the affair, grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jesus, has recommended another to me with a very great character. I think, indeed, at first sight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a book every month till Christmas, and the remaining books in a month more, if you require them. The last time I saw Mr. Lintott he told me that Mr. Brome

Brome had offered his service again to you; if you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the rest.

I am ever, dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

E. FENTON.

I have here inclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep 'em till I receive your orders. I have desired the gentleman to write the rest in folio, with half the page left blank.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 19, 1706-7.

I Have receiv'd yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want
of

of health ; but you who have a mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation ; since (you know) the old similitude says, the keenness of the mind soonest wears out the body, as the sharpest sword soonest destroys the scabbard : so that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your apprehension of an uneasy life, tho' I hope not a short one ; notwithstanding that generally you sound wits (tho' weak bodies) are immortal hereafter by that genius, which shortens your present life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic distemper of the mind and age, calumny ; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our lives) than a fever or an ague ; and as often those distempers attend, or threaten the best constitutions, from the worst air ; so does that malignant air of calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees ; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest. But so much for stinking
rumour,

rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of; as Irishmen, tho' the nastiest of mankind, are most offended at a fart.

Extract from Mr. WYCHERLEY's Letter to Mr. POPE, Feb. 28, 1707-8.

After, As to your hearing of my being ill, in the 5th line, read this note :

MR. POPE had this from Mr. Cromwell, after his enquiry, in these words : “ returned
“ to town last Saturday, and enquiring (as you
“ desir'd) about Mr. Wycherley, was told, in two
“ several places, that he had been very ill, and that
“ he was gone off our stage: but I cou'd not ima-
“ gine this report to be true, or that so great a man
“ could leave the world without its being instructed
“ to lament so considerable a loss.”

Extract from two Letters of Mr. WYCHERLEY of May 18, and of July 28, 1708.

I Have made a damn'd compliment in verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me.—If you suffer my old
dowdy

dowdy of a muse to wait upon your sprightly las of the plains, into the company of the town, it will be but like an old city bawd's attending a young country-beauty to town, to gain her admirers, when past the hopes of pleasing the world herself.

To Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

S I R,

June 15, 1706.

IT is alwayes to my advantage to correspond with you; for I either have the use of your bookes, or (which I value much more) your conversation. I am sure it will be my fault if I do not improve by both. I wish also I could learn some more skill in gardning from your father (to whome with your good mother all our services are presented with thanks for the hartichokes) who has set us a pattern that I am afraid we shall copie but in miniature; for so our hartichokes are in respect of his. In all things I am ready to yield except in the assurances that nobody can be more than I am

Your most humble

And obedient servant,

WILL. TRUMBULL.

Poor Jeunie is still afflicted
with her ague.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

Abberley, July 21, 1707.

HAVING received the favour of your letter of the third of this month, wherein you give me hopes of seeing you before the end of it, I am in dayly expectation of receiving your commands to send a coach or horses to meet you at Worcester, and not put you to the inconvenience of such horses as you will finde at the post-house. It was nothing but the fear that you should not send me word time enough for me to send horses to meet you that makes me give you the trouble of this letter. And I expect no other answer but to that point, as for all others

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

Your most humble servant;

W. WALSH.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

January 20, 1711.

I Have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I

receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your essay I have no pretence to; it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to,

S I R,

Your most obliged

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE;

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

July 26, 1711.

I Writ to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the same end, to know whether you are at leisure to help Mr. Clayton, that is, *me*, to some words for musick against winter.

Your answer to me at Will's will be a great favour to,

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

Mr. ROWE to Mr. POPE.

To Mr. POPE at Mr. JERVAS's, in Cleveland-Court, by St. James's House, or at Button's Coffee-House in Covent-Garden.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday, May 20, 1713.

I Dont know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than yours. Depend upon it nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, though I can give you nothing “ but the “ aforefaid mutton and a cup of ale.” It is but a little mile from Fox-hall; and you dont know how much you will oblige

Your most affectionate,

And faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE.

To Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

June 23, 1716.

YESTERDAY the bill to oblige Papists to register their names and estates, pass'd the Lords, with many amendments; and this day was sent to the Commons for their concurrence, which they have put off giving till next Monday. The Commissioners Bill wants nothing but the Royal Assent, which there is no doubt will easily be had both to that and the other on Tuesday next. I shall not pretend to make any remarks to interrupt your better thoughts with the very worst of mine. I will not fix any day yet for my coming to see you, but hope first to have that pleasure in town, which is a solid one to,

Dear Sir,

Your most truly affectionate

Humble servant,

E. B.

Mr. CARYLL to Mr. POPE.

I Have not had a word from your holiness since my last to you, nor any account of the receipt of some pictures that I desired you to get fram'd

fram'd and secur'd. This, and the earnest desire I have of kissing your toe at Grinstead, or rather a pritty lady's cheek (whom you talk'd of as a companion in your journey) occasions you the trouble of this, to know the reason why you flagg in your good resolutions, or rather in the execution of them. Butt I enjoy you in spirit, tho' I cannot in person; for your works are my dayly lecture, and with what satisfaction I need not repeat to you. But pray in your next tell me who was the *unfortunate Lady* you address a copy of verses to. I think you once gave me her history, but it is now quite out of my head. But now I have named such a person, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have comply'd with her desires, tho' I thinke a second voyage to such a rascall is the most preposterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* 'Tis harder to find than the man Diogenes lookt for with a candle and lantern att noon-day. Adieu.

I am, most abruptly,

Butt most sincerely yours,

J. CARYLL.

W. Grinstead, July 16, 1717.

Mr. CARYLL to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

18 August, 1717.

WHEN yours of the 6th instant arrived here, I was gott into the East, not among the wyse men of that corner, butt amidst the fools of Tunbridge. My stay with them was butt of four days, butt I had spent the three preceeding ones, I think, in worse company, the knaves of the law att our country affizes at Lewes. A cause called me thither which though I gained, I may brag off like my brother Teague, that it was just nothing att all, nor had I gott that neither had I not bestirred my flumps.

When my pictures are don be pleased to order them down to Ladyholt by the Stansted carrier, who inns in Gerrard-street.—You answer not my question who the *unfortunate Lady* was that you inscribe a copy of verses to in your book. I long to be retould her story, for I believe you allreddy tould me formerly, but I shall referr that and a thousand other things more to chatt over at our next meeting, which I hope draws near; presume my wife has fixed on a time with my dear Patty, to whom I pray my humble service,

service, as also to her fair sister. Adieu: I am in more haste, or rather hurry, than usual, but not lesse,

S I R,

Your friend and servant,

J. CARYLL.

Mr. CARYLL to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Lady Holt, June 29.

THE favour of your last follow'd me about the country till att last itt overtook me att Parham (Sir Cecil Bishop's) where I had been near a week, agreeably entertained by the good sence of the lady, and wonderfully diverted with the knight's inimitable manner of thinking and talking. Your Homer came down whilst I was there, upon which he ran severall extempore divisions, and I believe had you been privy to them, you would have preferred 'em before some of Rapin's or M. Dacier's more deliberate remarks. I am now returned, as you see, by the date of my letter, and after a weekes stay here I hope I shall be at liberty to goe to Maple-Durham. You shall be sure to hear from soon after I gett thither, in hopes of seeing you there. In the mean

time I must needs tell you, that I was truly overjoy'd that the indisposition I left you under at London, went off so well, and to find by your letter that you are like to be againe a man of this world. I hope Mr. Gay and I shall put you to the proof, if, when you and I meet, we can agree upon the time. I have try'd in two or three places for such an annuity as you mention, butt they do not care to deal that way. All are well abroad; and I am in haste, but allways,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate

Friend and servant,

J. CARYLL,

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. POPE,

DEAR SIR,

I Am very sorry to hear of your ill health, and that my message came so unseasonably as to give you so much trouble to answer it. I hope by your mentioning your coming to town, that you are on the mending hand, and that the spring coming on will be favourable to you. If you should not come
in

in a day or two, I must beg your return of the copy, which is much wanted, the time of acting drawing very near. Your not being in a condition to supply me with a Prologue is a great disappointment to me, but I should much rather chuse my Play should want that advantage, than put you to any trouble at present which may be prejudicial; being with a true respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

Red Lyon-Street, Holborn, against
East-Street, Jan. 22, 1719.

Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Cockpit, Oct. 1, 1719.

I Was yesterday out of town, and came directly here this morning, where I received your letter, enclosed in a very fine one from Sir Godfrey Kneller. You'll easily imagine how much I am concerned at the accident which has befallen him; but I comfort myself, since his hand and head, which I could least have spared, remain in their former

vigour and condition. I don't see why this misfortune is to be completed by the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot's and your good company, which you'll give me leave to expect to-morrow at Battersea, when we will drink Sir Godfrey's health, and make a new appointment against his recovery. I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your's,

J. CRAGGS.

Fragment of a Letter from Mr. EVANS to Mr. POPE.*

DEAR SIR,

St. John's, Oxon, May 13, 1719.

'TIS not that I forget you or disrespect you, but knowing you to be a man of true business I thought it too impertinent to trouble you with any of mine; but now I understand you are at leisure, have at you as far as this half sheet will hold. In the first place I am very well satisfy'd you have done for me what you are able, and I heartily thank you,

* This is Dr. *Evans*, the epigrammatist, to whom Mr. Pope pays a compliment in the *Dunciad*, B. ii. l. 115.

“ Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
“ And whisk 'em back to *Evans*, Young, and Swift.”

you, and beg your pardon, and very much blush for having given you any trouble of this kind with a sort of men you know as much what to make of as I. I don't know how they are in your church, but in ours, to tell you the truth, all the clergymen I ever yet saw are a sort of ecclesiastical *quelques choses*, that between common honesty and common sense I know not what to make of. They preach indeed passive obedience, but their practice is active insolence and impudent injustice; and when the laity use them as they use one another, there will be an end of 'em.
—*Cætera desunt.*

Mr. EVANS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

St. John's, Oxon, July 26, 1719.

I Should much sooner have sent you my acknowledgement and thanks for the very kind reception I met with from you at your pleasant house at Twickenham, but in troth it has been so very hot, that I could neither write, read, or think, but only lie still, swim, or sleep; and am still so monstrously lazy, that you must expect but a dry short letter from me; no gallantry or gaity, but only a
little

little downright good breeding and civility. I hope this will find your good mother settled in her health, and also yourself, as much as her age and your constitution will permit. If wishes had any power in medicine, I could soon make you both immortal; for she very well deserves it for furnishing the world with you; and you have yourself made your name immortal enough. I wish only that your body might come in for a small share of that noble blessing, if it were only for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I wish the same to your good friend the Dutchess; that she might live to teach people of quality all the good qualities in the world. I write as I talk, and I speak as I think; and am, with great sincerity,

Your most affectionate

Friend and servant,

W. EVANS.

Mr. PULTENEY to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

Ashley, Sept. 4, 1724.

I Have ever since my return had my house full of such company as I very little expected, and you would very little have liked, which was the
 4 reason

reason I did not send to you sooner ; but at present, if you have nothing better to do, and will spend a few days with Mrs. Pulteney and me, we shall be obliged to you, and will send the coach for you when you please. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Mr. WORTLEY to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

Wednesday evening.

I Am hindered by business from being at Twitnam either to-morrow or Friday ; so that Saturday will be the first day we can be there. I desire you will give yourselfe the trouble of excusing us to Sir Godfrey for not coming sooner. I believe we shall accept of the kind offer of your house.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

EDW. WORTLEY.

To ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq.* at Mr. JARVIS'S
House in Cleveland-Court.

S I R,

MY Lady Dutcheſs being drunk at this preſent, ſo not able to write herſelf, has commanded me to acquaint you that there is to be muſick on the water on Thursday next; therefore deſires you to be that evening at her houſe in Bond-ſtreet, by fix a clock at furtheſt, and her Grace will call of you there to take you to her barge, which ſhe has ordered to be ready at that time at Whitehall with proviſions, and ſhall land you on the wiſh'd for ſhoare. I am,

S I R,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

East-Aſton.
Tueſday night.

G. MADDISON.

After this, is added in another Hand—

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh. So Pope is the word, a diſappointment is not to be endured.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

S I R,

Ashley, Monday.

I Had designed to have waited on you to-day, but have been out of order since Saturday, as I have been most of the summer; and as the days are now, unless I am able to rise in a morning it will be hard to go and come, and have any pleasure between the whiles. The next day after I had known from you where Lady Mary was, I sent to know how she did; but by her answer I perceive she has the goodness for me to believe I have been all this summer here, though I had been here but a fortnight, when you came to see me. Pray give her my most humble service. If I can I will wait on you.

I am,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

W. CONGREVE.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

Surry-street, Jan. 29.

I Return you a thousand thanks for your letter about Spaw-water. Dr. Arbuthnot has ordered me at present to drink salt-water, so I cannot expressly say when I shall want the Spaw; but if the person, mentioned by you, imports any quantity for himself at any time, I shall be glad to know of it. I am sorry you did not keep your word in letting me see you a second time. I am always,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

W. CONGREVE.

Dr. YOUNG to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

May 2.

HAVING been often from home I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me, but be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last, a
friendship

friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much, but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to take any farther step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear from you at your entire leisure.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful

And obedient servant,

E. YOUNG.

Lord PETERBOROW *to* Mr. POPE.

S I R,

IF I can make a party with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Harcourt to dine at Parsons Green, you will give me leave to send my coach for you. Pray doe me the favour to send me the breadth and depth of the marble field. You may have it measured by moonlight by a ten-foot rod; or any
body

body used to grounds will make a meer guesse by
passing it over.

Your most humble

And affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

Lord PETERBOROW to Mr. POPE.

I Intended to waite on Mr. Howard
to day att Richmond, but going in the night to Lady
Mohun, I have gott such a cold and pain in my
breast, that I am forced to sweat to endeavour to
remove it in the beginning.

I was impatient to know the issue of the affaire,
and what she intended for this autumn, for no time
is to be lost either if she intends to build outhouses,
or prepare for planting. I will send to-morrow to
know if you can give me any account, and will call
upon you as soon as I am able, that we may goe
together to Mrs. Howards.

Pray tell her I was charged with compliments to
her from Lady Mohun, who was despaired of the day
5 before

before yesterday, but I left her happily out of pain,
and out of danger.

S I R,

Your most affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

Sir GODFREY KNELLER *to Mr. POPE.*

DEAR FRIEND,

I Hope your genus dos and will
know myn is with the most acceptable and most ac-
complished company to-morrow; for my body is in
no condition to stirr out of my bed as jet, and has
had no rest these two nights but what it snatches
and gets in the day times by fits; and I believe my
left lag will be out of order a good wyle. Pray give
my hearty good will to the compa. for the deeds,
and my most humble servis,

Being ever yours,

G. KNELLER.

Sir GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR FRIEND,

I find them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and ought to be near a fier several days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend. It would be pittty they should take dust. Jenny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when redly; and I am, giving my, hearty and humble servis to your dear mother,

Dear Mr. POPE,

Your most sincere, and in reality,

Humble servant,

G. KNELLER.

Sir GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I Believe this will be card plays evning, and we may do how we please. If you come about 4 a clock, you may see me paint. To-

morrow I am engaged to goe to Harrow the Hill with company, being ever,

Dear frind,

Your most affectionate servant,

G. KNELLER.

Sir GODFREY KNELLER *to* Mr. POPE.

S I R,

I Am in towne, and have louck'd for beds and bedsteads, which must cost ten pounds a year. When I promis'd to provide them you had maid no mention of the towne rates, which I am to pay, and will be 5 pounds a year at least, and which would be 15 pounds *per annum* whit the beds; and that house did let for 45 a year when I bought it; so that all I have laid out being near 400 pound, would be done for nothing, of which you will consider and let me know your mind. The stables are fitted as you gentlemen ordered them to be, and all the painting will be done to-morrow or Thursday, with whenfcoating in the quickest manner and best; and if you can stay till Saturday let me know your pleasure about the beds and bedsteads, for them I cannot

K 2

provide.

provide. You may have 6, of which two are to have courtins, for 10 pounds a year; and am, giving my most humble respects to my Lady Mery Whortly,

Your most humble,

And most faithful servant,

G. KNELLER.

I thought one might have such beds and bedsteads for 4 or 5 pounds a year; and which I would have done if no rates prop.

From Great Queen-Street, June 16, 1719.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

London, June 28th, 1715.

MRS. CECIL sent to me for some receipts which she is so kind to get distributed. She has given me two or three names, Lady Ranelagh, Lady Cavendish, &c. whom she has not seen lately to solicit for you. Lady Scudamore asks how and what you do, being much concerned we had not a few breakfasts in her closet before you left us.

I have

I have a letter from Mr. Edward Blount, claiming hints of promises to see Blagdon in Devon - - - all over civil and courteous with an air. I dined yesterday with Mr. Rollinson, who takes it ill that Gay forgot to call him to go to Binfield in his way to Lady Bolenbr—

I saw a glimpse of young Mr. Blount, and he called here, but I was not at home.—I would have ventured to send the Report of the Committee, that you may have time enough to prepare a Preface or Dedication to the memory of your patrons. - - - The Whigs say, Bolenbroke is the hero of your Preface. Pray make room for Walpole in your next, to keep the balance of power even.

Mr. Samuel Hill, nephew to our neighbour, a subscriber to Mr. Harcourt, but his name forgot in the list. I gave him a receipt.

Most of what you see has been writ a week, in hopes of some occurrence worthy your notice. Mr. Fortescue tells me Gay will be in London the first proxim.—Service to every body—Neighbours, &c.

I am yours, &c.

C. J.

That my correspondence may be as little troublesome as possible, you see I take care to procure poetical franks.

Mr. JERVAS * to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I Would not have failed by Tuesday's post, but that the Doctor could not be near positive as to the time, but yesterday we met on horse-back and took two or three turns near the camp, partly to see my new horse's going, and partly to name something like the day of setting forth, and the manner thereof: viz. that on Thursday next (God willing) Doctor A—, D. Disney, and C. Jervas rendezvous at Hyde-Park-corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's, at Eggam, to lodge there on Friday, to meet with Mr. Pope upon the road to proceed together to Lord Stowell's, and there also to lodge. The next day, Saturday, to Sir William Windham's, and to rest there the Lord's day. On Monday, forward again towards Bath, or Wilton, or as we shall then agree. The Doctor proposes that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage to be sent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The Doctor says he will

* However inferior Mr. Jervas might be to Sir Godfrey Kneller as a painter, we must at least confess his superiority as a correspondent.

will allow none of his friends so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road, so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to make room for that. You shall have a shorter and less bridle sent down on Saturday, and the other shall be returned in due time. The taylor shall be chastised if 'tis really negligence in his art, but if 'tis only vapours, you must beg pardon. The linnen and stockings out of your portmanteau may go with the bridle. I forgot to tell you that the third day is to be Oxford University, and the Monday following to Sir W. Windham's.

The French king has been indisposed, and methinks he is in an ill way, &c.—Service to every body.

Votre serviteur très humble,

C. JERVAS.

Aug. 12, 1715, London.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. P.

THOUGH I have not a syllable to say of more certainty than the last post, yet I write.—I hold myself in readiness, in spite of a demand for pictures.

The Counsellor Bick—— has purchased a nag for his equipage, and waits our motions. He was here yesterday, and to-morrow, Wenfday evening, we are to taste Devonshire cyder with Mr. Applestone at his lodgings.

The court opiniat it that the P—— is coming— They have no account of Ormond's arrival in France, tho' they have certain intelligence that he went off at Shoreham, in Suffex, ten days ago. I design to know Arbuthnot's determination to-morrow.—Service to every body.

I am,

Yrs. most affectionately,

Tuesday 2.

C. JERVAS.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

LADY Mary W—y ordered me by an exprefs this Wensday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuvio*, to fend you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening. Gay designed to have been with you to-day, and I would have had him delivered this welcome message, but he durst not venture to answer for your coming upon his asseverations, you having interchangeably so accustomed yourselves to lying, that you cannot believe one another, though upon never so serious an occasion. He will be ready to go back with you. Fortescue's service and mine to all.

We are your humble servants.

Wensday, eleven o'clock at noon.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I Intended to have breakfasted with James Eckerfall at Drayton, but heard by the way of his being in London, so I jogg'd to HammerSmith
in

in 5 hours and a half without drawing bit. Yesterday I gave a printed proposal to Lord Halifax, and spoke to the Duke of Devonshire to join my Lord Wharton's interest, and move your affair, that we may set 'em a going about the counties.

I have not yet seen the dear Archdeacon, who is at his old lodgings in St. James's place, nor the Dean; but have just read a thing entitled a Prefatory Epistle, concerning some remarks to be published on Homer's Iliad, occasioned by the proposals of Mr. Pope towards a new English Version of that poem—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's—by Richd. Fiddes, B. D. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.—'Αμορτημ' εὐγενές—Long.—To Mr. Pope from the author, in manuscript.—All the foregoing elegances at proper distances, and italianized according to form. It came too late for the coach, and is too big for my privileges of frank - - - 8vo. 120 pages—marbled paper.

I find so many party strokes in it, that I am afraid it may do your proposals more harm than good.

My Lord Halifax talk'd of a design to send for you to Bushy-Park, I believe with a coach-and-six, or light chaise, but did not name the precise time.—I
publish

publish your having done the first book and begun—
—I received the cloak-bag safe—I hope you did not
pay carriage. I can't yet guess when I shall be ready
for Sir William's service.

I am,

Your servant,

C. JERVAS.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I Intend to see the Doctor and the
Duke this evening, having sent several expresses to
fix a meeting, that I may put you out of your pain :
perhaps I ought not to let you know that I suspect
the Doctor's punctuality as a practising physician ;
besides the common uncertainty from the present
situation of this world, in which we have a small
share. The very weather is discouraging, and seems
in contradiction to a journey of pleasure. The
Duke will have the advantage of us prodigiously by
his loving a bottle, which is alike grateful at all
seasons. But what shall we do when we can neither
ride nor walk ? About 11 at night I may be more
positive,

positive, and defer sealing till then. I am just going to *Vertue*, to give the last hand to that enterprize which is our concern. He has done the King from Kneller, but so wretchedly, that I can scarcely imagine how bad the picture must be from which that artist has perform'd so poorly; but it is like and ruefull. Two fanns you shall have, and you shall pay for 'em in money if you think that way best. If we set out I will take care of sending your baggage beforehand.

I am this minute come from the Doctor who seems ready to mount, but the weather is so extravagant that there must be a day or two of fair, for preparation to make the way tolerable over head and under foot.

The Doctor must be at Windsor the first night, and take you up next morning. The Duke is gone with Sir Wm. Wm. I shall take water for our mutual aid.

Service to all your's,

C. J.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I Had your last in due time.

Shall I fend you the 100l. in bills or cash? and when?

Gay had a copy of the Farewell, with your injunctions. No other extant.

Lord Harvey had the Homer and letter, and bids me thank the author.

I hear nothing of the Sermon. The generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him.

Gay will be with you on Saturday next. He also works hard.

Your old sword went with the carrier, and was tyed to the other things with a cord, and my folks say, very fast. You must make the carrier responsible. Mine will swear to the delivery, &c.

No books for you from Lintot.

Mrs.

Mrs. Raines, a young lady in the city, and one of my shepherdesſes, takes one of the volumes, has paid her 2 guineas, and is to be a ſubſcriber in your next liſt.

I alſo got 2 guineas from the Marquis of Dorcheſter.

Philip ſent me a note for receipts to be conveyed to the 11 members of the late Hanover club. Pray let me have their names by the firſt. I ſend to Mr. Merrils to-day, &c.

Lintot ſent me Tickell's Homer for your government. I could not forbear comparing, and do not know what the devil is got into my head, but I fancy I could make a more poetical tranſlation in a fortnight (excepting a very few lines.)

It ſeems it's publiſht merely to ſhow as a ſpecimen of his ability for the Odyſſes. Forteſcue would have Gay publiſh a verſion of the firſt book of the Odyſſes, and tell the world 'tis only to beſpeak their approbation and favour for a tranſlation of Statius, or any other poet. In ſhort, we are merry, whether we are wiſe or no.—My reſpects to dear Sir William, and his good lady and ſon, and am concerned for any deficiency in his countenance, but I am in no pain for the paltry Baſſo Relievo.

Yours and yours, &c.

Mr. DONCASTLE to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Binf. July 27.

AT my return home last night out of Somersetshire, I expected nothing less than that I should find a severe reprimand from you for my long neglect of service. Indeed I cannot sufficiently extoll your admirable patience; but presume you have heard the occasion of my long ramble. I received when in London, two letters in one day, to acquaint me that my nephew Carew was fallen down with the small pox, and was very desirous I would come to him. At first sight I thought his life in some danger. He had travell'd into Essex in the heat of weather, and was seiz'd the next day after he reach'd home. Taking the distemper in this manner, he had a plentiful share; more than I could have imagined, being almost as free from fat as Mr. Pope himself. I left him in perfect safety. Your 21st book will be ready before you can send me another, and your order how I may convey my copy to you. I am now much at leisure to dispatch the whole set. I wait your commands, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THO. DONCASTLE.

Be pleas'd to present my humble
service to Mrs. Pope. My sister
Moore and Molly Carew join
with me in the same request,
and my brother to you both.

Mr. DONCASTLE to Mr. POPE.

Sunday in heast.

I Had writ to you before to have acquainted you that Mr. Raquett having told me of an opportunity he had of felling the palfrey, accordingly I let him have him, who sold him for 5 guineas. I told him that was the lowest price he was to sell him for. Mr. Raquett acquainted me of the felling of him, as likewise that he had sent you word of it, and told me that you had promised to be at his house in 3 or 4 days, which rejoiced me very much. I was in hopes every day of seeing you. I beg of you, though you have delay'd your coming, you will make me so happy at last. I beg the favour of your father, Mr. Pope, to please to come with you. I will make him my head gardener, and that he will think a very great preferment. I wish Mrs. Pope would come too, then we should be entirely happy.

I with her conveniency may permit. I would write much more to you, but having this day more company than usual I will only say, which I can with much truth, that I am sincerely,

Your very affectionate

Obliged humble servant,

J. DONCASTLE.

My brother desires me to give his humble service to you, and Mr. Pope, and your good mother.

To Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

London, Thursday.

I Was out of town when your letter came, but am glad the contents were obey'd by my Maia's opening of it. I am as glad you are turn'd such a *Bon Vivant*. But you have so good a *Ham* over against you, I wonder you want any other. This is the manner of your conversation with Lady Mary, for which you are so often reprimanded, and never reform'd. May I take the freedom to give her Ladyship my most humble respects? I tell you

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L

freely,

freely, when I go to Twickenham it is to pay my respects to her Ladyship, and not to see you, for you never stay a moment with me. I was busy all last week, and shall be this too, but next hope to have the Vision, though I will not put a profane epithet to it. Your waterman, unknown to me, has taken about 30 shillings more of Spaw Water than either I or my man knew of: pray enquire into the matter.

Dr. ——— to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

I Have yours, and thank you for the care of my picture. I will not be used so like an old good-for-nothing, by Mrs. Patty. The handsome thing would have been, to have taken away my picture, and sent me her own. Now to return the compliment I must pay for hers. I hope she is well, and if I can make her so, it will be a sensible pleasure to me. I know nobody has a better right to a lady's good looks in a picture, then her physician if he can procure them.

I was with my Lord Peterborow when I received yours. He was spick and span new, just come
 2 from

from France. You was the first man he asked for. I dined with him and the Mrs. Robinsons on Tuesday, and supped with him last night with the same company. He had been employed all that day in taming the Robinsons' Genius for them *, which he executed with great conduct. I cannot tell how much I am obliged to him, he delivered a memorial from me to the regent with his own hand. He is mightily enamoured of my brother Robert: he is, indeed, a knight errant like himself. I am just now going to Langley, not that master is in any danger, but to order some things after the small-pox. I am heartily glad Mrs. Pope keeps her health better this summer, &c. *The rest is torn off.*

— to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Saturday night.

I Really intended to have been with you to-day; but having been disappointed yesterday of meeting Mr. Selwyn, and going to the Exchequer

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about

* — taming the Robinsons' Genius for them. So in
1 Sat. 2 b. Horace.

“ And tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
“ Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.”

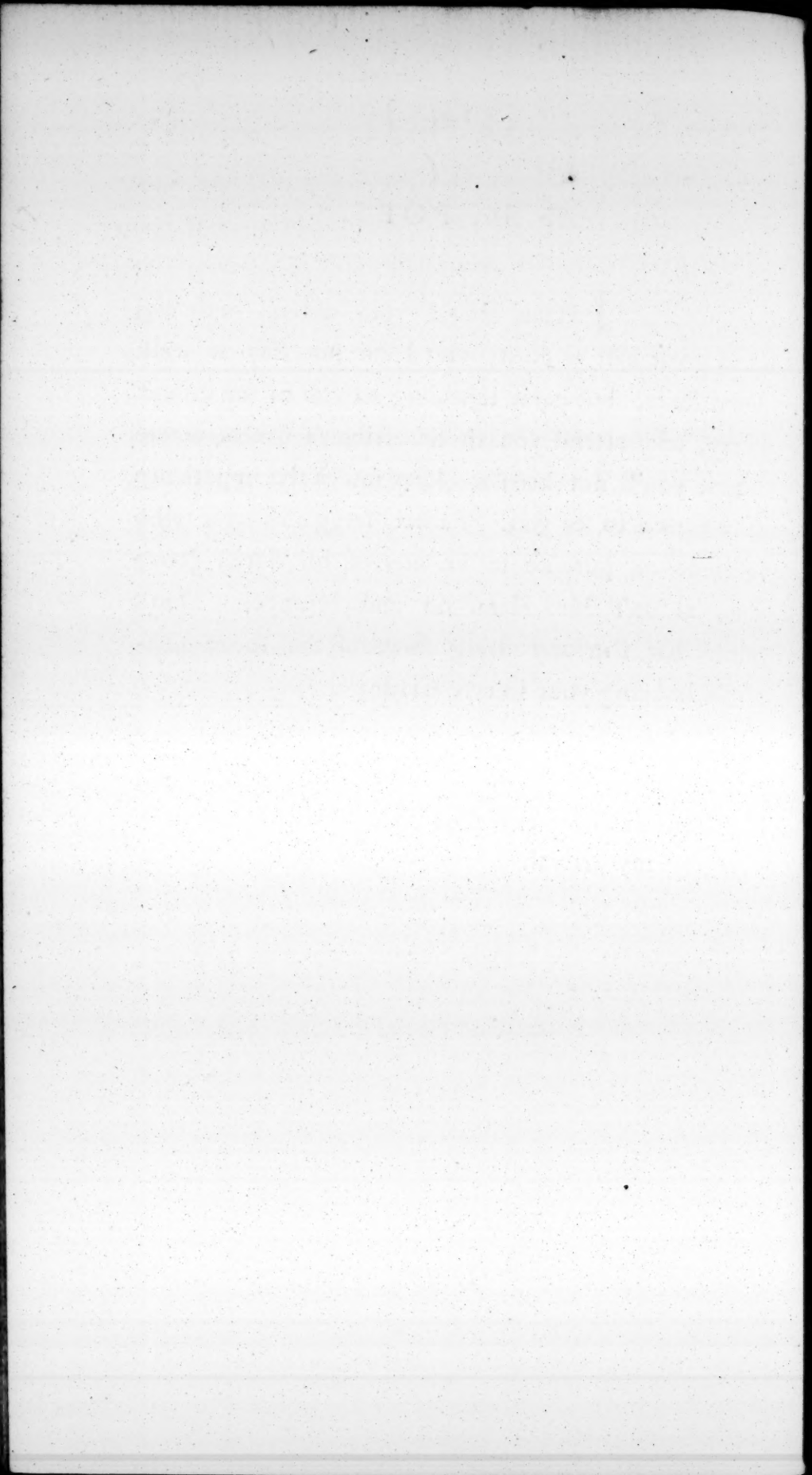
about my salary to-day, and to Mrs. Howard's to meet him, made it too late; so that I made a visit this morning to Mr. Congreve, where I found Lord Cobham. They both enquired kindly for you, and wish'd to see you soon. Mr. Fortescue could not have come with me, but intends the latter end of next week to see you at Twickenham. I have seen our friend Dean Berkeley, who was very solicitous about your health and welfare. He is now so full of his Bermudas project, that he hath printed his proposal, and hath been with the Bishop of London about it. Mrs. Howard desired me to tell you that she had a present of beech-mast, which this year hath been particularly good. When 'tis wanted she would have you send to her. I writ to you yesterday, and am in hopes that Mrs. Pope will soon be so well that you may be able to come to town for a day or so about your business. I really am this evening very much out of order with the cholic, but I hope a night's rest will relieve me. I wish Mrs. Pope and you all health and happiness. Pray give my service to her.

To Mr. POPE.

I Have obey'd your orders, and was in so great hast to do it, that I did not stay to walk down stairs, but came tumbling to you in the utmost hurry, and attend you in St. Alban's street, where I hope you'll not keep me long under the impatience of wanting to see you. Father Legg's friend, who is come on purpose to be one of his flock, greets you; as do's Mr. Hamilton and Mumper. Don't think that I'm any thing short of the above-mention'd in being your sincere servant.

Fryday.

My snout has been exercis'd since
my arrival.



Three Hours after Marriage:

A

C O M E D Y.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

MART.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

FROM THE FIRST

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be necessary to acquaint the Reader, that this Play is printed exactly as it is acted; for, tho' the players, in compliance with the taste of the town, broke it into five parts in the representation; yet, as the action pauses, and the Stage is left vacant but three times, so it properly consists but of three Acts, like the Spanish Comedies.

I must farther own the assistance I have receiv'd in this Piece from two of my friends; who, tho' they will not allow me the honour of having their names join'd with mine, cannot deprive me of the pleasure of making this acknowledgment.

JOHN GAY.

P R O L O G U E.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious rules,
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools.
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
 For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;
 But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall ?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.
 Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
 Cry, damn not us, but damn the French that made it ;
 By running goods, these graceless owlers gain,
 Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain :
 But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
 Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught :
 They pall Moliere's and Lopez sprightly strain,
 And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
 How shall our author hope a gentle fate,
 Who dares most impudently—not translate ?
 It had been civil in these ticklish times,
 To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes ;

Spaniard

*Spaniard and French abuse to the world's end,
 But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.
 If any fool is by our satire bit,
 Let him hiss loud, to show you all—he's hit.
 Poets make characters as salesmen cloaths,
 We take no measure of your fops and beaux ;
 But here all sizes and all shapes ye meet,
 And fit yourselves—like chaps in Monmouth-street.*

*Gallants look here, this * fool's-cap has an air——
 Goodly and smart—with ears of Issachar.
 Let no one fool engross it, or confine :
 A common blessing ! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages, had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear ;
 Our author has it now, for ev'ry wit
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ :
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly † thrown,
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.*

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap, and

Exit.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FOSSILE,	}	Doctors.	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
POSSUM,			<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
NAUTILUS,			<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
PTISAN,		Apothecary.	<i>Mr. Miller.</i>
PLOTWELL,			<i>Mr. Gibber.</i>
UNDERPLOT,			<i>Mr. Pinkethman.</i>
SIR TREMENDOUS,			<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
FIRST PLAYER,			<i>Mr. Walker.</i>
SECOND PLAYER,			<i>Mr. Quin.</i>
SAILOR.			<i>Mr. Bickerstaff.</i>

Footmen, Servants, &c.

W O M E N.

Mrs. TOWNLEY,	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
Mrs. PHOEBE CLINKET.	<i>Mrs. Bicknell.</i>
SARSNET,	<i>Mrs. Hunt.</i>
PRUE.	<i>Mrs. Willis.</i>

Three Hours after Marriage:

A

C O M E D Y*.

A C T I.

Enter FOSSILE †, leading TOWNLEY.

FOSSILE.

WELCOME, my bride, into the habitation of thy husband. The scruples of the parson—

TOWNLEY.

* It is well known that the *Three Hours after Marriage* was damn'd as soon as acted. Though Mr. Gay's name appears singly in the Advertisement prefixed to it, it is certain that Pope and Arbuthnot had an equal hand in the performance.

*Extract from a Letter of Mr. CIBBER to Mr. POPE,
published in the Year 1742.*

“ The Play of The Rehearfal, which had lain some
“ few years dormant, being by his present Majesty (then
“ Prince

TOWNLEY.

And the fatigue of the ceremony——

FOSSILE.

Are at last well over.

TOWNLEY.

“ Prince of Wales) commanded to be revived, the part
 “ of Bays fell to my share. To this character there had
 “ always been allow’d such ludicrous liberties of obser-
 “ vation, upon any thing new, or remarkable, in the
 “ state of the Stage, as Mr. Bays might think proper to
 “ take. Much about this time then, the *Three Hours after*
 “ *Marriage* had been acted without success; when Mr.
 “ Bays, as usual, had a fling at it, which, in itself, was
 “ no jest, unless the audience would please to make it one :
 “ but however, flat as it was, Mr. Pope was mortally sore
 “ upon it. This was the offence. In this Play, two cox-
 “ combs, being in love with a learned virtuoso’s wife, to
 “ get unsuspected access to her, ingeniously send them-
 “ selves, as two presented rarities, to the husband, the
 “ one curiously swath’d up like an Egyptian Mummy,
 “ and the other sily cover’d in the Patte-board skin of a
 “ Crocodile: upon which poetical expedient, I, Mr.
 “ Bays, when the two Kings of Brentford came from
 “ the clouds into the throne again, instead of what my
 “ part directed me to say, made use of these words, viz.
 “ “ Now, Sir, this revolution, I had some thoughts of in-
 “ “ troducing, by a quite different contrivance; but my
 “ “ design taking air, some of your sharp wits, I found,
 “ “ had made use of it before me; otherwise I intended to
 “ “ have stolen one of them in, in the shape of a *Mummy*,
 “ “ and t’other, in that of a *Crocodile*.” Upon which,
 “ I doubt, the audience by the roar of their applause
 “ shew’d their proportionable contempt of the Play they
 “ belong’d

TOWNLEY.

These blank licences are wonderful commodious.
 —The clergy have a noble command, in being
 rangers of the park of matrimony ; produce but a
 warrant, and they deliver a lady into your possession :
 but I have no quarrel with them, since they have
 put me into so good hands.

FOSSILE.

“ belong’d to. But why am I answerable for that? I
 “ did not lead them, by any reflection of my own, into
 “ that contempt: surely to have used the bare word
 “ *Mummy*, and *Crocodile*, was neither unjust, or unman-
 “ nerly ; where then was the crime of simply saying
 “ there had been two such things in a former Play? but
 “ this, it seems, was so heinously taken by Mr. Pope,
 “ that, in the swelling of his heart, after the Play was
 “ over, he came behind the scenes, with his lips pale
 “ and his voice trembling, to call me to account for the
 “ insult : and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul
 “ language, that a wit out of his senses could be capable
 “ of—— How durst I have the impudence to treat
 “ any gentleman in that manner? &c. &c. &c. Now
 “ let the reader judge by this concern, who was the true
 “ mother of the child ! when he was almost choked
 “ with the foam of his passion, I was enough recover’d
 “ from my amazement to make him (as near as I can
 “ remember) this reply, viz. “ Mr. Pope——You are
 “ so particular a man, that I must be ashamed to return
 “ your language as I ought to do : but since you have
 “ attacked me in so monstrous a manner ; this you may
 “ depend upon, that as long as the Play continues to be
 “ acted, I will never fail to repeat the same words over
 “ and over again.”

† The character of *Fossile* was designed as a ridicule on
 the celebrated Dr. Woodward, and that of *Sir Tremendous*,
 on Dennis.

FOSSILE.

I now proclaim a solemn suspension of arms between medicine and diseases. Let distempers suspend their malignant influence, and powders, pills, and potions their operations. Be this day sacred to my love. I had rather hold this hand of thine, than a dutchess by the pulse.

TOWNLEY.

And I this, than a hand of matadores.

FOSSILE.

Who knows but your relations may dispute my title to your person? come, my dear, the seal of the matrimonial bond is consummation.

TOWNLEY.

Alas ! what will become of me !

FOSSILE.

Why are thy eyes fix'd on the ground? why so flow? and why this trembling?

TOWNLEY.

Ah ! heedless creature that I was, to quit all my relations, and trust myself alone in the hands of a strange man !

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Courage, thou best of my curiosities. Know that in husband is comprehended all relations; in me thou seest a fond father.

TOWNLEY.

Old enough o' my conscience. [Aside.

FOSSILE.

You may, you must trust yourself with me.

TOWNLEY.

Do with me as you please: yet sure you cannot so soon forget the office of the church. Marriage is not to be undertaken wantonly, like brute beasts. If you will transgress, the sin be upon your own head.

FOSSILE.

Great indeed is thy virtue, and laudable is thy modesty. Thou art a virgin, and I a philosopher: but learn that no animal action, *quatenus animal*, is unbecoming of either of us. But hold! where am I going? prithee, my dear, of what age art thou!

TOWNLEY.

Almost three and twenty.

FOSSILE.

And I almost at my grand climacterick. What occasion have I for a double-night at these years? she may be an Alcmena, but alas! I am no thunderer.

[*Aside.*]

TOWNLEY.

You seem somewhat disturb'd; I hope you are well, Mr. Fossile.

FOSSILE.

What business have I in the bed-chamber, when the symptoms of age are upon me? yet hold, this is the famous corroborative of Crollius; in this vial are included sons and daughters. Oh, for a draught of the *aqua magnanimitatis* for a vehicle! fifty drops of *liquid laudanum* for her dose would but just put us upon a *par*. *Laudanum* would settle the present ataxy of her animal spirits, and prevent her being too watchful.

[*Aside.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, your pistachoe-porridge is ready.

[*Exit.*]

FOSSILE.

Now I think of it, my dear; Venus, which is in the first degree of Capricorn, does not culminate till

till ten ; an hour, if astrology is not fallible, successful in generation.

TOWNLEY.

I am all obedience, Sir.

FOSSILE.

How shall I reward thee for so much goodness ? let our wedding as yet be a secret in the family. In the mean time I'll introduce my niece Phœbe Clinket to your acquaintance : but alas, the poor girl has a procidence of the pineal gland, which has occasioned a rupture in her understanding. I took her into my house to regulate my œconomy ; but instead of puddings, she makes pastorals ; or when she should be raising paste, is raising some ghost in a new tragedy. In short, my house is haunted by all the underling players, broken bookfellers, half-voic'd finging-masters, and disabled dancing-masters in town. In a former will I had left her my estate ; but I now resolve that heirs of my own begetting shall inherit. Yonder she comes in her usual occupation. Let us mark her a while.

M 2

Enter

Enter CLINKET, and her MAID bearing a writing-desk on her back. CLINKET writing, her head dress stain'd with ink, and pens stuck in her hair.

MAID.

I had as good carry a raree-show about the street.
Oh! how my back akes!

CLINKET.

What are the labours of the back to those of the brain? thou scandal to the muses. I have now lost a thought worth a folio, by thy impertinence.

MAID.

Have not I got a crick in my back already, that will make me good for nothing, with lifting your great books?

CLINKET.

Folio's, call them, and not great books, thou monster of impropriety: but have patience, and I will remember the three gallery-tickets I promis'd thee at my new tragedy.

MAID.

I shall never get my head-cloaths clear-starch'd at this rate.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Thou destroyer of learning, thou worse than a book-worm; thou hast put me beyond all patience. Remember how my lyrick Ode was bound about a tallow candle; thy wrapping up snuff in an Epigram; nay, the unworthy usage of my Hymn to Apollo, filthy creature! read me the last lines I writ upon the deluge, and take care to pronounce them as I taught you.

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropfy, sickly nature lies,
And melting in a diabetes, dies.

[Reads with an affected tone.]

CLINKET.

Still without cadence!

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropfy——

CLINKET.

Hold.—I conceive—

The roaring seas o'er the tall woods have broke,
And whales now perch upon the sturdy oak.

—Roaring? stay—rumbling, roaring, rustling; no;
raging seas. *[Writing.]*

The raging seas o'er the tall woods have broke,
Now perch, thou whale, upon the sturdy oak.

Sturdy oak? no;—steady, strong, strapping, stiff.—
Stiff? no, stiff is too short.

FOSSILE and TOWNLEY come forward.

What feast for fish! oh too luxurious treat!
When hungry dolphins feed on butchers meat.

FOSSILE.

Niece, why niece, niece! oh, Melpomene, thou
goddess of tragedy, suspend thy influence for a
moment, and suffer my niece to give me a rational
answer. This lady is a friend of mine; her present
circumstances oblige her to take sanctuary in my house;
treat her with the utmost civility. Let the tea-table
be made ready.

CLINKET.

Madam, excuse this absence of mind; my animal
spirits had deserted the avenues of my senses, and
retired to the recesses of the brain, to contemplate a
beautiful idea. I could not force the vagrant crea-
tures back again into their posts, to move those parts
of the body that express civility.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

A rare affected creature this ! If I mistake not, flattery will make her an useful tool for my purpose. *[Aside.*

[Exeunt Townley, Clinket, and Maid.

FOSSILE.

Her jewels, her strong box, and all her things left behind ! If her uncle should discover her marriage, he may lay an embargo upon her goods.——I'll send for them.

Enter a BOY with a letter.

BOY.

This is the ho-ho-house.

FOSSILE.

Child, whom dost thou want ?

BOY.

Mistress Townley's ma-ma-maid.

FOSSILE.

What is your business ?

BOY.

A l-l-letter.

FOSSILE.

Who sent this letter ?

M 4

BOY.

BOY.

O-o-one.

FOSSILE.

Give it me, child. An honest boy. Give it me, and I'll deliver it myself. A very honest boy.

BOY.

So.

[Exit Boy.

FOSSILE.

There are now no more secrets between us. Man and wife are one.

‘ Madam, either I mistake the encouragement
 ‘ I have had, or I am to be happy to-
 ‘ night. I hope the same person will
 ‘ compleat her good offices: I stand to
 ‘ articles. The ring is a fine one; and
 ‘ I shall have the pleasure of putting it
 ‘ on the first time.

‘ This from your impatient, R. P.’

In the name of Beelzebub, what is this? encouragement! happy to-night! same person! good offices! whom hast thou married, poor Fossile? Couldst thou not divert thyself still with the spoils of quarries and coal-pits, thy serpents and thy salamanders, but thou must have a living monster too! 'Sdeath! what
 a jest

a jest shall I be to our club ! Is there no rope among my curiosities ? Shall I turn her out of doors, and proclaim my infamy ; or lock her up, and bear my misfortune ? Lock her up ! impossible. One may shut up volatile-spirits, pen up the air, confine bears, lions and tigers, nay, keep even your gold : but a wanton wife, who can keep ?

Enter TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Mrs. Clinket's play is to be read this morning at the tea-table : will you come and divert yourself, Sir ?

FOSSILE.

No : I want to be alone.

TOWNLEY.

I hope my company is not troublesome already. I am as yet a bride ; not a wife. [*sighs.*] What means this sudden change ? [*Aside.*] Confider, Mr. Fossile, you want your natural rest : the bed would refresh you. Let me sit by you.

FOSSILE.

My head akes, and the bed always makes it worse.

TOWNLEY.

Is it hereabouts ?

[*Rubs his temples.*]

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Too sure.

[*Turns from her.*]

TOWNLEY.

Why so fretful, Mr. Fossile?

FOSSILE.

No; I'll dissemble my passion, and pump her.
[*Aside.*] Excess of joy, my dear, for my good fortune overcomes me. I am somewhat vertiginous; I can hardly stand.

TOWNLEY.

I hope I was ordain'd for thy support.

FOSSILE.

My disorder now begins to dissipate: it was only a little flatulency, occasion'd by something hard of digestion. But pray, my dear, did your uncle shut you up so close from the conversation of mankind?

TOWNLEY.

Sarsnet and Shock were my only company.

FOSSILE.

A very prudent young woman this Sarsnet; she was undoubtedly a good and faithful friend in your solitude.

TOWNLEY.

When it was her interest; but I made no intimacies with my chamber-maid.

I

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

But was there no lover offer'd his service to a lady in distress?

TOWNLEY.

Tongue, be upon thy guard: these questions must be design'd to trap me. [*Aside.*] A woman of my condition can't well escape importunity.

FOSSILE.

What was the name of that disagreeable fellow, who, you told me, teas'd you so?

TOWNLEY.

His name? I think he had a thousand names. In one letter he was Myrtillo, in another Corydon, Alexis, and I don't know what.

Enter SARSNET in haste to her mistress: he runs and embraces her with great earnestness.

FOSSILE.

Dear Mrs. Sarsnet, how am I obliged to thee for thy services; thou hast made me happy beyond expression.—I shall find another letter upon her. [*Aside.*

[He gets his hand into Sarsnet's pocket, as searching for a letter.

[Whenever Sarsnet goes to whisper her mistress, he gets between them.

Enter

Enter PTISAN.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Colloquintida complains still of a dejection of appetite; she says that the genevre is too cold for her stomach.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught; but let us not interrupt one another. Good Mr. Ptisan, we are upon business.

[Fossile gets between Sarfnet and Townley.]

PTISAN.

The colonel's spitting is quite suppress'd.

FOSSILE.

Give him a quieting draught. Come to-morrow, Mr. Ptisan; I can see no body till then.

PTISAN.

Lady Varnish finds no benefit of the waters; for the pimple on the tip of her nose still continues.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Prudentia's tympany grows bigger and bigger. What, no pearl cordial! must I quiet them all!

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Give them all quieting draughts I say, or blister them all as you please. Your servant Mr. Ptisan.

PTISAN.

But then lady Giddy's vapours. She calls her chamber-maids nymphs ; for she fancies herself Diana, and her husband Aæcton.

FOSSILE.

I can attend no patient till to-morrow. Give her a quieting draught, I say.

[Whenever Fossile goes to conduct Ptisan to the door, Sarsnet and Townley attempt to whisper ; Fossile gets between them, and Ptisan takes that opportunity of coming back.]

PTISAN.

Then, Sir, there is miss Chitty of the boarding-school has taken in no natural sustenance for this week, but a halfpenny worth of charcoal, and one of her mittens.

FOSSILE.

Sarsnet, do you wait on Mr. Ptisan to the door. To-morrow let my patients know I'll visit round.

[A knocking at the door.]

PTISAN.

P T I S A N.

Oh, Sir; here is a servant of the countess of Hippokekoana. The emetick has over-wrought, and she is in convulsions.

F O S S I L E.

This is unfortunate. Then I must go. Mr. Ptisan, my dear, has some business with me in private. Retire into my closet a moment, and divert yourself with the pictures. There lies your way, Madam.

[To Sarfnet.

[Exit Townley at one door, and Sarfnet at the other.

Mr. Ptisan, pray, do you run before, and tell them I am just coming.

[Exit Ptisan.

All my distresses come on the neck of one another. Should this fellow get to my bride before I have bedded her, in a collection of cuckolds, what a rarity should I make! what shall I do? I'll lock her up. Lock up my bride? my peace and my honour demand it, and it shall be so. [Locks the door.] Thomas, Thomas!

Enter FOOTMAN.

I dream't last night I was robb'd. The town is over-run with rogues. Who knows but the rascal that sent the letter may be now in the house? [Aside.] Look up

up the chimney, search all the dark closets, the coal-hole, the flower-pots, and forget not the empty butt in the cellar. Keep a strict watch at the door, and let no body in till my return.

[Exit Footman. *A noise at the closet-door.*

(*within.*) Who's there?——I am lock'd in.
Murder! fire!

FOSSILE.

Dear Madam, I beg your pardon.

[Unlocks the door. Enter TOWNLEY.]

'Tis well you call'd. I am so apt to lock this door; an action meerly mechanical, not spontaneous.

TOWNLEY.

Your conduct, Mr. Fossile, for this quarter of an hour has been somewhat mysterious. It has suggested to me what I almost blush to name; your locking me up, confirms this suspicion. Pray speak plainly, what has caused this alteration?

[Fossile shews her the letter.

Is this all?

[Gives him the letter back.

FOSSILE.

(*reads.*) Either I mistake the encouragement I have had—What encouragement?

TOWNLEY.

From my uncle——if I must be your interpreter.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Or I am to be happy to-night.—

TOWNLEY.

To be married—if there can be happiness in that state.

FOSSILE.

I hope the same person.—

TOWNLEY.

Parson. Only a word misspell'd. — Here's jealousy for you!

FOSSILE.

Will compleat her good offices.—A she parson, I find!

TOWNLEY.

He is a Welshman. And the Welsh always say her instead of his.

FOSSILE.

I stand to articles.—

TOWNLEY.

Of jointure.

FOSSILE.

The ring is a fine one, and I shall have the pleasure of putting it on myself.—

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Who should put on the wedding-ring but the bridegroom ?

FOSSILE.

I beseech thee, pardon thy dear husband. Love and jealousy are often companions, and excess of both had quite obnubilated the eyes of my understanding.

TOWNLEY.

Barbarous man ! I could forgive thee, if thou hadst poison'd my father, debauch'd my sister, kill'd my lap-dog ; but to murder my reputation ! [*Weeps.*

FOSSILE.

Nay, I beseech thee, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

TOWNLEY.

I do : but upon condition your jealous fit never returns. To a jealous man a whisper is evidence, and a dream demonstration. A civil letter makes him thoughtful, an innocent visit mad : I shall try you, Mr. Fossile ; for don't think I'll be deny'd company.

FOSSILE.

Nay, prithee, my dear ; I own I have abused thee. But lest my marriage, and this simple story should take air in the neighbourhood, to-morrow we

will retire into the country together, till the secret is blown over. I am call'd to a patient. In less than half an hour I'll be with you again, my dear.

[*Exit Fossile.*]

TOWNLEY.

Plotwell's letter had like to have ruin'd me. 'Twas a neglect in me, not to intrust him with the secret of my marriage. A jealous bridegroom! every poison has its antidote; as credulity is the cause, so it shall be the cure of his jealousy. To-morrow I must be spirited away into the country; I'll immediately let Plotwell know of my distress: and this little time with opportunity, even on his wedding-day, shall finish him a compleat husband. Intrigue assist me! and I'll act a revenge that might have been worthy the most celebrated wife in Boccace.

Enter PLOTWELL and CLINKET.

Hah! Plotwell! which way got he hither? I must caution him to be upon his guard.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am agreeably surpriz'd to find you here.

TOWNLEY.

Me, Sir? you are certainly mistaken, for I don't remember I ever saw you before.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I beg your pardon. How like a truth
founds a lye from the tongue of a fine woman. [*Aside.*]

CLINKET.

This, Madam, is Mr. Plotwell; a gentleman who
is so infinitely obliging, as to introduce my Play on
the Theatre, by fathering the unworthy issue of my
muse, at the reading it this morning.

PLOTWELL.

I should be proud, Madam, to be a real father to
any of your productions.

CLINKET.

Mighty just. Ha, ha, ha. You know, Mr.
Plotwell, that both a parrot and a player can utter
human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be
a judge of wit. Yet some of those people have had
the assurance to deny almost all my performances the
privilege of being acted. Ah! what a *Goût de travers*
rules the understandings of the illiterate!

PLOTWELL.

There are some, Madam, that nauseate the smell
of a rose.

[*Whenever Plotwell and Townley endeavour
to talk, she interrupts them.*]

N 2

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

If this piece be not rais'd to the sublime, let me henceforth be stigmatiz'd as a reptile in the dust of mediocrity. I am perswaded, Sir, your adopted child will do you no dishonour.

TOWNLEY.

Pray, Madam, what is the subject?

CLINKET.

Oh! beyond every thing. So adapted for tragical machines! so proper to excite the passions! not in the least encumber'd with episodes! the *vraisemblance* and the miraculous are linkt together with such propriety!

TOWNLEY.

But the subject, Madam?

CLINKET.

The Universal Deluge. I chose that of Deucalion and Pyrrha, because neither our stage nor actors are hallow'd enough for sacred story.

PLOTWELL.

But, Madam——

[To Townley.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

What just occasion for noble description! these players are exceeding dilatory.—In the mean time, Sir, shall I be obliged to you and this lady for the rehearsal of a scene that I have been just touching up with some lively strokes?

TOWNLEY.

I dare assure you, Madam, it will be a pleasure to us both. I'll take this occasion to inform you of my present circumstances. [To Plotwell.

CLINKET.

Imagine Deucalion and Pyrrha in their boat. They pass by a promontory, where stands prince Hæmon a former lover of Pyrrha's, ready to be swallowed up by the devouring flood. She presses her husband to take him into the boat. Your part, Sir, is Hæmon; the lady personates Pyrrha; and I represent Deucalion. To you, Sir.

[Gives Plotwell the manuscript.]

PLOTWELL.

What ho, there sculler!

[reads.]

TOWNLEY.

—— Hæmon!

N 3

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

————— Yes, 'tis Hæmon!

TOWNLEY.

Thou seest me now fail'd from my former lodgings,
Beneath a husband's ark; yet fain I would reward
Thy proffer'd love. But Hæmon, ah! I fear
To-morrow's eve will hide me in the country.

CLINKET.

Not a syllable in the part! wrong, all wrong!

PLOTWELL.

Through all the town, with diligent enquiries,
I fought my Pyrrha————

CLINKET.

Beyond all patience! the part, Sir, lies before
you; you are never to perplex the drama with
speeches extempore.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, 'tis what the top-players often do.

TOWNLEY.

Though love denies, compassion bids me save thee.

[Plotwell *kisses her.*

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Fye, Mr. Plotwell ; this is against all the decorum of the Stage ; I will no more allow the libertinism of lip-embraces, than the barbarity of killing on the Stage ; your best Tragedians, like the ladies of quality in a visit, never turn beyond the back-part of the cheek to a salute, as thus Mr. Plotwell.

[*Kisses* Plotwell.

PLOTWELL.

I don't find in Aristotle any precept against kissing.

CLINKET.

Yet I would not stand upon the brink of an indecorum.

PLOTWELL.

True, Madam, the finishing stroke of love and revenge should never shock the eyes of an audience. But I look upon a kiss in a Comedy to be upon a par with a box on the ear in Tragedy, which is frequently given and taken by your best authors.

CLINKET.

Mighty just ! for a lady can no more put up a kiss than a gentleman a box on the ear.—Take my muse, Sir, into your protection [*Gives him her Play*] the players I see are here. Your personating the author will infallibly introduce my Play on the

Stage, and spite of their prejudice, make the theatre ring with applause, and teach even that injudicious Canaille to know their own interest.

Enter Sir TREMENDOUS with two Players.

PLOTWELL.

Gentlemen, this lady, who smiles on my performances, has permitted me to introduce you and my Tragedy to her tea table.

CLINKET.

Gentlemen, you do me honour.

FIRST PLAYER.

Suffer us, Sir, to recommend to your acquaintance, the famous Sir Tremendous, the greatest critick of our age.

PLOTWELL.

Sir Tremendous, I rejoice at your presence ; though no lady that has an antipathy, so sweats at a cat, as some authors at a critick. Sir Tremendous, Madam, is a gentleman who can instruct the town to dislike what has pleased them, and to be pleased with what they disliked.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Alas ! what signifies one good palate when the taste of the whole town is vitiated ? There is not in all this Sodom of ignorance ten righteous criticks, who do not judge things backward.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

I perfectly agree with Sir Tremendous: your modern Tragedies are such egregious stuff, they neither move terror nor pity.

PLOTWELL.

Yes, Madam, the pity of the audience on the first night, and the terror of the author for the third. Sir Tremendous's plays indeed have rais'd a sublimer passion, astonishment.

CLINKET.

I perceive here will be a wit-combat between these beaux-esprits. Prue, be sure you set down all the similes.

[Prue retires to the back part of the Stage with pen and ink.]

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The subjects of most modern Plays are as ill chosen as ———

PLOTWELL.

The patrons of their dedications.

[Clinket makes signs to Prue.]

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their plots as shallow———

PLOTWELL.

As those of bad poets against new Plays.

SIR

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their episodes as little of a piece to the main action, as—

CLINKET.

A black gown with a pink-colour'd petticoat.
Mark that, Prue. [*Aside.*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their sentiments are so very delicate—

PLOTWELL.

That like whipt syllabub they are lost before they are tasted.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their diction so low, that—that—

PLOTWELL.

Why, that their friends are forced to call it simplicity.

FIRST PLAYER.

Sir, to the Play if you please.

SECOND PLAYER.

We have a rehearsal this morning.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

And then their thefts are so open—

PLOTWELL.

That the very French taylors can discover them.

SIR

SIR TREMENDOUS.

O what felony from the ancients! what petty larceny from the moderns! there is the famous Iphigenia of Racine; he stole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who stole it from Euripides, who stole it from Homer, who stole it from all the ancients before him. In short, there is nothing so execrable as our most taking Tragedies.

FIRST PLAYER.

O! but the immortal Shakespeare, Sir.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

He had no judgment.

SECOND PLAYER.

The famous Ben Jonson!

CLINKET.

Dry.

FIRST PLAYER.

The tender Otway!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Incorrect.

SECOND PLAYER.

Etheridge!

CLINKET,

Mere chit-chat.

FIRST

FIRST PLAYER.

Dryden !

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Nothing but a knack of versifying.

CLINKET.

Ah ! dear Sir Tremendous, there is that delicateffe
in your sentiments !

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah Madam ! there is that justness in your notions !

CLINKET.

I am so charm'd with your manly penetration !

SIR TREMENDOUS.

I with your profound capacity !

CLINKET.

That I am not able—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

That it is impossible—

CLINKET.

To conceive—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

To exprefs—

CLINKET.

With what delight I embrace—

SIR

SIR TREMENDOUS.

With what pleasure I enter into—

CLINKET.

Your ideas, most learned Sir Tremendous!—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Your sentiments, most divine Mrs. Clinket!—

SECOND PLAYER.

The Play, for heaven's sake, the Play.

[*A tea-table brought in.*]

CLINKET.

This finish'd drama is too good for an age like this.

PLOTWELL.

The Universal Deluge, or the Tragedy of Deucalion and Pyrrha. [*reads.*

CLINKET.

Mr. Plotwell, I will not be deny'd the pleasure of reading it, you will pardon me.

FIRST PLAYER.

The Deluge! the subject seems to be too *recherché*.

CLINKET.

A subject untouch'd either by ancients or moderns, in which are terror and pity in perfection.

FIRST

FIRST PLAYER.

The Stage will never bear it. Can you suppose, Sir, that a box of ladies will sit three hours to see a rainy day, and a sculler in a storm? Make your best of it, I know it can be nothing else.

SECOND PLAYER.

If you please, Madam, let us hear how it opens.

CLINKET.

[reads.] The scene opens, and discovers the Heavens cloudy. A prodigious shower of rain. At a distance appears the top of the mountain Parnassus, all the fields beneath are over-flowed; there are seen cattle and men swimming. The tops of steeples rise above the flood, with men and women perching on their weather-cocks—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Begging your pardon, Sir, I believe it can be proved, that weather-cocks are of a modern invention. Besides, if stones were dissolved, as a late philosopher hath proved, how could steeples stand?

PLOTWELL.

I don't insist upon trifles.—Strike it out.

CLINKET.

Strike it out ! consider what you do. In this they strike at the very foundation of the drama. Don't almost all the persons of your second Act start out of stones that Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them ? This cavil is levell'd at the whole system of the reparation of human race.

FIRST PLAYER.

Then the shower is absurd.

CLINKET.

Why should not this gentleman rain, as well as other authors snow and thunder ? — [*reads.*] Enter Deucalion in a sort of waterman's habit, leading his wife Pyrrha to a boat—Her first distress is about her going back to fetch a casket of jewels. Mind how he imitates your great authors. The first speech has all the fire of Lee.

Tho' Heav'n wrings all the sponges of the sky,
And pours down clouds at once, each cloud a sea,
Not the spring-tides——

SIR TREMENDOUS.

There were no spring-tides in the Mediterranean, and consequently Deucalion could not make that simile.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

A man of Deucalion's quality might have travelled beyond the Mediterranean, and so your objection is answered. Observe, Sir Tremendous, the tenderness of Otway, in this answer of Pyrrha.

——— Why do the stays
Taper my waist, but for thy circling arms ?

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah ! Anachronisms ! Stays are a modern habit, and the whole scene is monstrous, and against the rules of Tragedy.

PLOTWELL.

I submit, Sir—out with it.

CLINKET.

Were the Play mine, you should gash my flesh, mangle my face, any thing sooner than scratch my Play.

PLOTWELL.

Blot and insert wherever you please—I submit myself to your judgment.

*[Plotwell rises, and discourses apart
with Townley.]*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Madam, nonsense and I have been at variance from my cradle ; it sets my understanding on edge.

SECOND

SECOND PLAYER.

Indeed, Madam, with submission, and I think I have some experience of the Stage, this Play will hardly take.

CLINKET.

The worst lines of it would be sufficiently clapt, if it had been writ by a known author, or recommended by one.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Between you and I, Madam, who understand better things, this gentleman knows nothing of poetry.

FIRST PLAYER.

The gentleman may be an honest man, but he is a damn'd writer, and it neither can take, nor ought to take.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

If you are the gentleman's friend, and value his reputation, advise him to burn it.

CLINKET.

What struggles has an unknown author to vanquish prejudice! Suppose this Play acts but six nights, his next may play twenty. Encourage a young author, I know it will be your interest,

SECOND PLAYER.

I would sooner give five hundred pounds than bring some Plays on the Stage ; an audience little considers whether 'tis the author or the actor that is his'd, our character suffers.

FIRST PLAYER.

Damn our character.—We shall lose money by it.

CLINKET.

I'll depofite a fum myself upon the fuccefs of it. Well, fince it is to be play'd—I will prevail upon him to ftrike out fome few things.—Take the Play, Sir Tremendous.

[*Sir Tremendous reads in a muttering tone.*]

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Abfurd to the laft degree [*strikes out.*] palpable nonfence ! [*strikes out.*]

CLINKET.

What all thofe lines ! Spare thofe for a lady's fake, for thofe indeed I gave him.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Such ftuff ! [*strikes out.*] abominabl ! [*strikes out.*] moft execrable !

FIRST PLAYER.

This thought muft out.

SECOND

SECOND PLAYER.

Madam, with submission, this metaphor,—

FIRST PLAYER.

This whole speech—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The fable!

CLINKET.

To you I answer—

FIRST PLAYER.

The characters!

CLINKET.

To you I answer—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The diction!

CLINKET.

And to you—Ah, hold, hold—I'm butcher'd,
I'm massacred. For mercy's sake! murder, murder!
ah!

[faints.]

Enter FOSSILE peeping at the door.

FOSSILE.

My house turn'd to a Stage! and my bride playing
her part too! What will become of me? but I'll
know the bottom of all this. [*aside.*] I am fur-

O 2

prized

prized to see so many patients here so early.—What is your distemper, Sir?

FIRST PLAYER.

The colic, Sir, by a surfeit of green tea and damn'd verses.

FOSSILE.

Your pulse is very high, Madam. [*To Townley.*] You sympathize, I perceive, for yours is somewhat feverish. [*To Plotwell.*] But I believe I shall be able to put off the fit for this time. And as for you, niece, you have got the poetical itch, and are possess'd with nine devils, your nine muses; and thus I commit them and their works to the flames. [*Takes up a heap of papers and flings them into the fire.*]

CLINKET.

Ah! I am an undone woman.

PLOTWELL.

Has he burnt any bank-bills, or a new Mechlin head-dress?

CLINKET.

My works! my works!

FIRST PLAYER.

Has he destroyed the writings of an estate, or your billet-doux?

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

A Pindarick Ode! five similes! and half an Epilogue!

SECOND PLAYER.

Has he thrown a new fan, or your pearl necklace into the flames?

CLINKET.

Worse, worse! The tag of the Acts of a new Comedy! A Prologue sent by a person of quality! Three copies of commendatory Verses! and two Greek Mottos!

FOSSILE.

Gentlemen, if you please to walk out.

SECOND PLAYER.

You shall have our positive answer concerning your Tragedy, Madam, in an hour or two.

[Exeunt Sir Tremendous, Plotwell, and Players.]

FOSSILE.

Though this affair looks but ill, yet I will not be over- rash: What says Libanius? 'A false accusation often recoils upon the accuser;' and I have suffered already by too great precipitation.

[Exit Fossile.]

Enter Sarsnet.

TOWNLEY.

A narrow escape, Sarsnet! Plotwell's letter was intercepted and read by my husband.

SARSNET.

I tremble every joint of me. How came you off?

TOWNLEY.

Invention flow'd, I ly'd, he believ'd. True wife, true husband!

SARSNET.

I have often warn'd you, Madam, against this superfluity of gallants; you ought at least to have clear'd all mortgages upon your person before you leas'd it out for life. Then, besides Plotwell, you are every moment in danger of Underplot, who attends on Plotwell like his shadow; he is unlucky enough to stumble upon your husband, and then I'm sure his shatterbrains would undo us at once.

TOWNLEY.

Thy wit and industry, Sarsnet, must help me out. To-day is mine, to-morrow is my husband's.

SARSNET.

But some speedy method must be thought of, to prevent your letters from falling into his hands.

TOWNLEY.

I can put no confidence in my landlady Mrs. Chambers, since our quarrel at parting. So I have given orders to her maid to direct all letters and messages hither, and I have placed my own trusty servant Hugh at the door to receive them—but see, yonder comes my husband, I'll retire to my closet.

[*Exeunt Townley and Sarfnet.*]

Enter FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

O marriage, thou bitterest of potions, and thou strongest of astringents. This Plotwell that I found talking with her must certainly be the person that sent the letter. But if I have a Bristol stone put upon me instead of a diamond, why should I by experiments spoil its lustre? She is handsome, that is certain. Could I but keep her to myself for the future! Cuckoldom is an acute case, it is quickly over; when it takes place, it admits of no remedy but palliatives.—Be it how it will, while my marriage is a secret——

(*within.*) Bless the noble doctor Fossile and his honourable lady. The city musick are come to wish him much joy of his marriage. [*A flourish of fiddles.*]

O 4

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Joy and marriage ; never were two words so coupled !

(*within.*) Much happiness attend the learned doctor Fossile and his worthy and virtuous lady. The drums and trumpets of his Majesty's guards are come to salute him——

[*A flourish of drums and trumpets.*]

FOSSILE.

Ah, Fossile ! wretched Fossile ! into what a state hast thou brought thyself ! thy disgrace proclaim'd by beat of drum ! New married men are treated like those bit by a tarantula, both must have musick : but where are the notes that can expell a wife ! [*Exit.*]

ACT

A C T II.

Enter FOSSILE in a footman's cloaths.

FOSSILE.

A Special dog this footman of my wife's! as mercenary as the porter of a first minister! Why should she place him as a sentinel at my door? Unquestionably, to carry on her intrigues. Why did I bribe him to lend me his livery? To discover those intrigues. And now, O wretched Fossile! thou hast debas'd thyself into the low character of a footman. What then? Gods and demi-gods have assum'd viler shapes: they, to make a cuckold; I, to prove myself one. Why then should my metamorphosis be more shameful, when my purpose is more honest?

[Knocking at the door. Enter FOOTMAN.]

FOOTMAN.

Ay, this is her livery. Friend, give this to your mistress.

[Gives a letter to Fossile, and exit.]

FOSSILE.

(reads.) ‘ Madam, you have jilted me. What I
 ‘ gave you cost me dear; what you might
 ‘ have given me, would have cost you
 ‘ nothing.

‘ nothing. You shall use my next pre-
 ‘ sent with more respect. I presented
 ‘ you a fine snuff-box ; you gave it to
 ‘ that coxcomb Underplot, and Under-
 ‘ plot gave it to my wife. Judge of my
 ‘ surprise.

‘ FREEMAN.’

A fine circulation of a snuff-box ! in time I shall have the rarest of my shells set off with gold hinges, to make presents to all the fops about town. My *Conchæ Veneris* ; and perhaps, even my *Nautilus*.

[*A knocking at the door. Enter an OLD WOMAN.*]

OLD WOMAN.

Can I speak with your good mistress, honest friend ?

FOSSILE.

No, she’s busy.

OLD WOMAN.

Madam Wyburn presents her service and has sent this letter. [*Exit.*]

FOSSILE.

(*reads.*) ‘ Being taken up with waiting upon mer-
 ‘ chants ladies this morning, I have
 ‘ sent to acquaint you, my dear sweet
 ‘ Mrs. Townley, that the alderman
 ‘ agrees

‘ agrees to every thing but putting away
 ‘ his wife, which he says is not decent
 ‘ at that end of the town. He desires
 ‘ a meeting this evening.’

P. S. ‘ He does not like the grocer’s wife at all.’

Bless me! what a libidinous age we live in!
 neither his own wife! nor the grocer’s wife! Will
 people like nobody’s wife but mine?

[*Knocking at the door. Enter FOOTMAN, gives a letter,
 and exit.*]

[*Enter another FOOTMAN, gives a letter, and exit.*]

FOSSILE.

(*reads.*) ‘ Sincerely, Madam, I cannot spare that
 ‘ sum; especially in monthly payments.
 ‘ My good friend and neighbour Pinch,
 ‘ a quiet sober man, is content to go a
 ‘ third part, only for leave to visit upon
 ‘ sabbath days.

‘ HABAKKUK PLUMB.’

Well, frugality is laudable even in iniquity! Now
 for this other.

[*Opens the second letter.*]

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

(reads.) ‘ Madam, I can’t make you rich, but I
‘ can make you immortal.

‘ *Verses on Mrs. SUSANNA TOWNLEY, in the front*
‘ *box dress’d in green.*

‘ In you the beauties of the spring are seen,
‘ Your cheeks are roses, and your dress is green.’

A poor dog of a poet ! I fear him not.

Enter a ragged fellow with a letter.

FOOTMAN.

My master is at present under a cloud—He begs
you will deliver this letter to your lady. [Exit.

FOSSILE.

(reads.) ‘ I am reduced by your favours to ask the
‘ thing I formerly deny’d ; that you
‘ would entertain me as a husband, who
‘ can no longer keep you as a mistress.

‘ CHARLES BAT.’

Why did I part with this fellow ? This was a
proposal indeed, to make both me and himself happy
at once ! He shall have her, and a twelvemonth’s
fees into the bargain. Where shall I find him ?—
Why was the mistress of all mankind unknown to
thee

thee alone? Why is nature so dark in our greatest concerns? Why are there no external symptoms of defloration, nor any pathognomick of the loss of virginity but a big belly? Why has not lewdness its tokens like the plague? Why must a man know rain by the aking of his corns, and have no prognostick of what is of infinitely greater moment, cuckoldom? Or if there are any marks of chastity, why is the enquiry allowed only to Jews, and deny'd to Christians? O Townley, Townley! once to me the fragrant rose; now aloes, wormwood and snake-root! but I must not be seen.

[*As Townley and Sarfnet enter, Fossile sneaks off.*]

TOWNLEY.

Sarfnet, we are betray'd. I have discovered my husband posted at the door in Hugh's livery; he has intercepted all my letters. I immediately writ this, which is the only thing that can bring us off. Run this moment to Plotwell, get him to copy it, and send it directed to me by his own servant with the utmost expedition. He is now at the chocolate-house in the next street.

SARFNET.

I fly, Madam; but how will you disengage yourself from the affair with Underplot?

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Leave it to me. Though he wants sense, he's handsome, and I like the fellow; and if he is lucky enough to come in my husband's absence—But prithee Sarfenet make haste.

[*Exeunt Townley and Sarfenet, upon which Fossile re-enters, to him Underplot.*]

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, friend. I never talk with one of your coat, but I first tip him.

FOSSILE.

Behold the lucre of a pimp! between the pox abroad, and my plague at home, I find a man may never want fees. [*aside.*] Your honour's commands, I pray. I long to serve you.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah, boy! thou hast a rare mistress for vails. Come, I know thou art a fly dog; can'st thou introduce me to her for a moment's conversation?

FOSSILE.

Impossible,

UNDERPLOT.

What, still impossible? [*Gives more money.*]

FOSSILE.

Still impossible.

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

Poh, pox." But prithee, friend, by the by, is there any thing in this report that she is marry'd to the doctor here?

FOSSILE.

I am afraid there is something in it.

UNDERPLOT.

What a spirit does a jealous husband give to an intrigue! Pray, is he not a most egregious silly animal?

FOSSILE.

Not exceeding wise indeed.

UNDERPLOT.

Rich?

FOSSILE.

He has money.

UNDERPLOT.

That will save the expence of her gallants. Old?

FOSSILE.

Ay, too old, heavens know.

UNDERPLOT.

How came it into the puppy's head to marry?

FOSSILE.

By the instigation of Satan.

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

I'll help the old fool to an heir.

FOSSILE.

No doubt on't. If the whole town can do it, he will not want one.

UNDERPLOT.

Come, prithee deal freely with me. Has Plotwell been here since the wedding?

FOSSILE.

He has! too sure: [*aside.*] He's a dangerous rival to you; if you have a mind to succeed, keep a strict watch upon him, that he may not get admittance before you.

UNDERPLOT.

Well, since thou hast shown thyself so much my friend, I'll let thee into a secret. Plotwell and I no sooner heard of the wedding, but we made a bett of a hundred guineas, who should dub the doctor first. Remember, you go twenty pieces with me.

FOSSILE.

But here is somebody coming. Away, you are sure of my interest. [*Exit Underplot.*]

This was well judg'd. I have a small territory coveted by two rival potentates. It is profound policy to make

make them watch one the other, and so keep the balance of power in my own hands. Certainly nothing so improves one's politicks, as to have a coquet to one's wife.

Enter a FOOTMAN with a letter.

FOOTMAN.

This is for your lady. Deliver it safe into her own hands.

[Exit Footman.]

FOSSILE.

(reads.) ‘ Know, cruel woman, I have discovered
 ‘ the secret of your marriage; you shall
 ‘ have all the plague of a jealous husband,
 ‘ without the pleasure of giving
 ‘ him cause. I have this morning counterfeited
 ‘ billet-doux and letters from
 ‘ bawds; nay, I have sent pimps;
 ‘ some of which, I hope, are fallen
 ‘ into your old coxcomb's hands. If
 ‘ you deny me the pleasure of tipping
 ‘ him a real cuckold, at least I'll have
 ‘ the resentment to make him an imaginary
 ‘ one. Know that this is not
 ‘ the hundredth part of the revenge
 ‘ that shall be executed upon thee, by

R. P.’

TOWNLEY.

[*peeping.*] So. The letter works as I would have it. [Aside.

FOSSILE.

How true is that saying of the philosopher! 'We only know, that we know nothing.' The eruption of those horns which seem'd to make so strong a push is now suppress'd. Is the mystery of all these letters nothing but the revenge of a disappointed lover? The hand and seal are just the same with the Welchman's that I intercepted a while ago. Truly, these Welch are a hot revengeful people. My wife may be virtuous; she may not. Prevention is the safest method with diseases and intrigues. Women are wanton, husbands weak, bawds busy, opportunities dangerous, gallants eager; therefore it behoves honest men to be watchful. But here comes my wife, I must hide myself; for should I be detected, she might have a just cause of complaint for my impertinent curiosity. [Exit Fossile.

Enter TOWNLEY, and to her SARSNET at the other door.

SARSNET.

Your orders, Madam, have been executed to a tittle, and I hope with success.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Extremely well. Just as we could have wish'd. But I can't forgive that rascal Hugh. To turn him away would be dangerous. We will rather take the advantage of the confidence my husband has in him. Leave the husband to me, and do you discipline the footman. Such early curiosity must be crush'd in the bud. Hugh, Hugh, Hugh. [*calls aloud, and rings.*] What is become of the rogue?

[*Townley runs in, and drags out Fossile changing his cloaths with Hugh.*

Why firrah! must one call all day for you?

[*cuffs him.*

SARSNET.

A rogue in disguise, got in to rob the house! thieves, thieves!

Enter CLINKET, PRUE with the writing desk, and servants.

FOSSILE.

St. St.—no noise. Prithee, dearee, look upon me. See, see, thy own dear husband. It is I.

TOWNLEY.

What an unfortunate woman am I! Could not you pass one day without an intrigue? and with a

cookwench too ! for you could put on a livery for no other end, you wicked man.

S A R S N E T.

His coldness, Madam, is now no longer a mystery. Filthy monster ! wer't not thou provided with my mistress as a remedy for thy rampant unchastity ?

T O W N L E Y.

Was all your indifference to me for this ! you brute you. [Weeps.

F O S S I L E.

Nay, prithee, dearee, judge not rashly. My character is establish'd in the world. There lives not a more sober, chaste, and virtuous person than doctor Fossile.

T O W N L E Y.

Then why this disguise ?

F O S S I L E.

Since it must come out ; ha, ha, ha, only a frolick on my wedding day between Hugh and I. We had a mind to exhibit a little mummery.

C L I N K E T.

What joy arises in my soul to see my uncle in a dramattick character ! Since your humour led you to the drama, uncle, why would you not consult a relative muse in your own family ? I have always
used

used you as my physician; and why should not you use me as your poet?

FOSSILE.

Prithee, dear, leave me a moment. This is a scandal to my gravity. I'll be with you, as myself, immediately.

[Exeunt omnes, except Fossile and Hugh. As they are changing habits, Fossile says,

As a mark of my confidence in thee, I leave thee guardian of my house while I go my rounds. Let none in but patients; wan, sickly fellows, no person in the least degree of bodily strength.

HUGH.

Worthy doctor, you may rely upon my honour. *[Exit Fossile.]* I have betray'd my mistress. My conscience flies in my face, and I can ease it no way but by betraying my master. *[Knocking at the door.]* This is not the doctor; but he is dress'd like him, and that shall be my excuse.

[He lets Plotwell in, Townley meets him, they embrace.]

TOWNLEY.

Hugh, go, wait at the door.

[Exit Hugh.]

P 3

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

This disguise gives spirit to my intrigue. Certainly I am the first person that ever enjoy'd a bride without the scandal of matrimony.

TOWNLEY.

I have a different relish, Mr. Plotwell; for now I can't abide you, you are so like my husband.

PLOTWELL.

Underplot, I defy thee. I have laid the wager, and now I hold the stakes.

TOWNLEY.

Opportunity, Mr. Plotwell, has been the downfall of much virtue.

[*As he is leading her off, enter Hugh.*]

HUGH.

Ah, Madam! the doctor! the doctor!

[*Exit Hugh.*]

PLOTWELL.

Fear nothing. I'll stand it. I have my part ready.

[*Exit Townley.*]

Enter FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I promis'd lady Longfort my eagle-stone. The poor lady is like to miscarry, and 'tis well I thought on't.

on't. Ha! who is here! I do not like the aspect of the fellow. But I will not be over censorious.

[They make many bows and cringes in advancing to each other.]

PLOTWELL.

Illustrissime domine, huc adveni—

FOSSILE.

Illustrissime domine—non usus sum loquere Latinum—
If you cannot speak English, we can have no lingual conversation.

PLOTWELL.

I can speak but a little Englife. I have great deal heard of de fame of de great luminary of all arts and sciences, de illustrious doctor Fossile. I would make commutation (what do you call it) I would exchange some of my tings for some of his tings.

FOSSILE.

Pray, Sir, what Univerfity are you of?

PLOTWELL.

De famous Univerfity of Cracow in Polonia Minor I have cur'd de king of Sweden of de wound. My name be doctor Cornelius Lubomirski.

FOSSILE.

Your Lubomirskis are a great family. But what Arcana are you master of, Sir?

P 4

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

[Shows a large snuff-box.] See dere, Sir, dat box
de snuff.

FOSSILE.

Snuff-box.

PLOTWELL.

Right. Snuff-box. Dat be de very true gold.

FOSSILE.

What of that?

PLOTWELL.

Vat of dat? Me make dat gold my own self, of
de lead of de great church of Cracow.

FOSSILE.

By what operations?

PLOTWELL.

By calcination; reverberation; purification; sub-
limation; amalgamation; precipitation; volatilization.

FOSSILE.

Have a care what you assert. The volatilization of
gold is not an obvious process. It is by great elegance
of speech called, *fortitudo fortitudinis fortissima*.

PLOTWELL.

I need not acquaint de illustrious doctor Fossile,
dat all de metals be but unripe gold.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Spoken like a philosopher. And therefore there should be an Act of Parliament against digging of lead mines, as against felling young timber. But inform me, Sir, what might be your menstruum, snow-water, or May dew?

PLOTWELL.

Snow-water.

FOSSILE,

Right. Snow is the universal pickle of nature for the preservation of her productions in the hyemal season.

PLOTWELL.

If you will go yourself, and not trust de servant, to fetch some of de right Thames sand dat be below de bridge, I will show you de naked Diana in your study before I go hence.

FOSSILE.

Perhaps you might. I am not at present dispos'd for experiments.

PLOTWELL.

This bite won't take to send him out of the way, I'll change my subject. [*Aside.*] Do you deal in longitudes, Sir?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I deal not in impossibilities. I search only for the grand elixir.

PLOTWELL.

Vat do you tink of de new metode of fluxion?

FOSSILE.

I know no other but by mercury.

PLOTWELL.

Ha, ha. Me mean de fluxion of de quantity.

FOSSILE.

The greatest quantity I ever knew, was three quarts a day.

PLOTWELL.

Be dere any secret in the hydrology, zoology, mineralogy, hydraulicks, acausticks, pneumatics, logarithmatechny, dat you do want de explanation of?

FOSSILE.

This is all out of my way. Do you know of any hermaphrodites, monstrous twins, antediluvian shells, bones, and vegetables?

PLOTWELL.

Vat tink you of an antediluvian knife, spoon, and fork, with the mark of Tubal Cain in Hebrew, dug out of de mine of Babylon?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Of what dimensions, I pray, Sir?

PLOTWELL.

De spoon be bigger dan de modern ladle; de fork, like de great fire-fork; and de knife, like de cleaver.

FOSSILE.

Bless me! this shows the stature and magnitude of those antediluvians!

PLOTWELL.

To make you convinc'd that I tell not de lie, dey are in de Turkey ship at Vapping, just going to be dispos'd of. Me would go there vid you, but de business vil not let me.

FOSSILE.

An extraordinary man this! I'll examine him further. [*Aside.*] How could your country lose so great a man as you?

PLOTWELL.

Dat be de secret. But because me vil have de fair correspondence with de illustrious doctor Fossile, me vil not deny dat Orpheus and me had near run de same fate for different reason. I was hunted out of my country by de general insurrection of de women.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

How so, pray?

PLOTWELL.

Because me have prepare a certain liquor which discover whether a woman be a virgin or no.

FOSSILE.

A curious discovery! have you any of it still?

PLOTWELL.

Dere it is, Sir. It be commonly called de *Lapis Lydius Virginitatis*; or, Touch-Stone of Virginitie.

[Gives him a vial.

FOSSILE.

It has the smell of your common hart's-horn. But all your volatile spirits have a near resemblance.

PLOTWELL.

Right, Sir. De distillation be made from the *Hippomanes* of a young mare. When a deflower'd virgin take ten drops, she will faint and sneeze, and de large red spot appear on de cheek; which we call de spot of infamy. All de young bridegroom make de experiment. De archbishop did make obligation to de Nun to take it every ninth month. And I fly for the hurlyburly it make.

Enter

Enter HUGH.

HUGH.

Sir, here is a patient in a chair.

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirski, let me conduct you into my study, where we will farther discuss the wonderful virtues of this liquor. Tell the patient I will attend him this instant.

[Exeunt Plotwell and Fossile.]

Enter UNDERPLOT in a chair like a sick man.

HUGH.

The doctor will wait upon you immediately.

[Exit Hugh.]

UNDERPLOT.

I dogg'd Plotwell to this door in a doctor's habit. If he has admittance as a doctor, why not I as a patient? Now for a lucky decision of our wager! If I can't succeed myself, I will at least spoil his intrigue.

Enter FOSSILE.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah! ah! have you no place? Ah! where can I repose a little? I was taken suddenly. Ah! ah! 'tis happy I was near the house of an eminent physician.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Rest yourself upon that couch.

UNDERPLOT.

If I lay a few minutes cover'd up warm in a bed,
I believe I might recover.

[Fossile feels his pulse. Plotwell peeps.

PLOTWELL.

Underplot in disguise ! I'll be his doctor, and cure
him of these frolicks. [Aside.

FOSSILE.

What are your symptoms, Sir ? A very tempestu-
ous pulse, I profess !

UNDERPLOT.

Violent head-ach, ah ! ah !

FOSSILE.

All this proceeds from the fumes of the kitchen ;
the stomachic digester wants reparation for the better
concoction of your aliment : but, Sir, is your pain
pungitive, tensive, gravitive, or pulsatory ?

UNDERPLOT.

All together, ah !

FOSSILE.

Impossible, Sir ; but I have an eminent physician
now in the house ; he shall consult. Doctor Lubo-
mirski,

mirski, here is a person in a most violent cephalalgia,
a terrible case!

Enter PLOTWELL.

FOSSILE.

Feel his pulse. [Plotwell *feels it.*] You feel it,
Sir, strong, hard and labouring.

PLOTWELL.

Great plenitude, Sir.

FOSSILE.

Feel his belly, Sir; a great tension and heat of
the abdomen—A hearty man, his muscles are torose;
how soon are the strongest humbled by diseases! let
us retire, and consult.

Enter SARSNET *in haste.*

SARSNET.

My mistress approves your design, bear it out
bravely, perhaps I shall have a sudden opportunity
of conveying you into her bed-chamber; counterfeit
a fainting fit, and rely upon me. [Exit.

UNDERPLOT.

As yet I find I am undiscover'd by Plotwell;
neither is his intrigue in such forwardness as mine,
though he made a fair push for it before me. [Aside.

[Fossile and Plotwell *come forward.*

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I am entirely for a clyster.

PLOTWELL.

My opinion is for de strong vomit.

FOSSILE.

Bleed him.

PLOTWELL.

Make de scarification, give me de lancet, me will do it myself, and after dat will put de blister to de sole of de feet.

FOSSILE.

Your dolor proceeds from a frigid *intemperies* of the brain, a strong disease! the enemy has invaded the very citadel of your microcosm, the magazine of your vital functions; he has set down before it; yet there seems to be a good garrison of vital spirits, and we don't question to be able to defend it.

PLOTWELL.

We will cannonade de enemy wid pills, bombard him wid de bolus, blow him up with volatiles, fill up the trenches wid de large inundation of apozems, and dislodge him wid de stink-pot; let de apotecary bring up de artillery of medicine immediately.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

True, we might unload the stomach by gentle emeticks, and the intestines by clysters stimulative, carminative, and emollient, with strong hydroticks, quiet the spasms of the viscera by paregoricks, draw off the stagnant blood by deep scarifications, and depurate its fæculencies by volatiles; after this, let there be numerous blisters and potential cauteries—I consult my patient's ease; I am against much physick—He faints, he is apoplectic, bleed him this moment.

PLOTWELL.

Hoy de servant dere, make haft, bring de pan of hot coals; or de red hot iron to make application to de temples.

Enter HUGH.

HUGH.

Here's the poker red hot from the fire.

PLOTWELL.

Very well, make de burn dere, exactly dere.

[Putting the poker near his head.]

UNDERPLOT.

Hold, hold, am I to be murder'd? *[Starts up.]*
I know you, Plotwell, and was I not oblig'd by honour and friendship, I'd expose you to the doctor.

[Aside to Plotwell.]

PLOTWELL.

Very lunatick, mad, fetch me de cord to make de tie upon de leg and de arm, take off thirty ounces of blood, and den plunge him into de cold bath.

FOSSILE.

Your judgment, doctor Lubomirski, is excellent; I will call my servants to assist us.

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, old put; I came to take your advice, and not that French son of a whore's scarifications; and so plague take you both.

[Exeunt Underplot and Hugh.]

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirski, this vial that you have intrusted into my custody, shall be with acknowledgement return'd after a few experiments; I must crave your indulgence; diseases, you know, Sir, are impertinent, and will tie themselves to no hours. Poor lady Hippokekoana!

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Sir! I beg your pardon, if you make visit to de patient, me will divert myself in your study till you make return.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

That cannot be; I have a lady just coming to consult me in a case of secrecy.

PLOTWELL.

Have you not de wife? Me will make conversation wid de ladies till you come.

FOSSILE.

They see no company in the morning, they are all in *deshabille*; most learned doctor Lubomirski, your humble servant.

PLOTWELL.

Most illustrious doctor Fossile, me be, with de profoundest adoration—

FOSSILE.

With the greatest admiration—

PLOTWELL.

Your most humble—

FOSSILE.

Most obedient servant.

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Monsieur, point de ceremonie.

[Exit Plotwell.]

Q 2

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Hugh, [*Enter Hugh*] bring me a pint of sack; let your mistress know I want to see her. Take care that her orders be obey'd, and that her trunks and boxes be immediately brought hither. Sarfnet will give you directions.

[*Exit Hugh. Foffile sits down on a couch.*]

Ah Foffile! if the cares of two hours of a married life have so reduc'd thee, how long can'st thou hold out! to watch a wife all day, and have her wake thee all night! 'twill never do. The fatigue of three fevers, six small poxes, and five great ones, is nothing to that of one wife. Now for my touchstone; I will try it upon her presently. If she bear it to-day—I am afraid she will bear it to-morrow too.

Enter HUGH with a bottle of sack, and after him

TOWNLEY. HUGH gives the bottle and glass to FOSSILE, and exit.

Sit down by me, my dear. I was going to refresh myself with a glass of canary. You look pale. It will do you good.

TOWNLEY.

Faugh. Wine in the morning!

[*Foffile drinks and fills again, and drops some of the liquor into the glass.*]

What is the meaning of this? Am I to be
poison'd! [Aside.]

FOSSILE.

You must drink it. Sack is sacred to Hymen; of
it is made the nuptial posset.

TOWNLEY.

Don't press me, Mr. Fossile, I nauseate it. It
smells strangely. There is something in it.

FOSSILE.

An ill symptom! She can't bear the smell. [Aside.]
Pray, my dear, oblige me.

TOWNLEY.

I'm for none of your slops. I'll fill myself.

FOSSILE.

I must own, I have put some restorative drops in
it, which are excellent. I may drink it safely. [Aside.]
[Drinks.] The next glass I prepare for you.

[Fills, and pours some drops in.

[Townley drinks. Fossile runs behind to
support her; then pores upon her cheek,
and touches it with his finger.

TOWNLEY.

Your insolence is insupportable. 'Twas but this
moment you suspected my virtue; and now my
Q 3 complexion.

complexion. Put on your spectacles. No red was ever laid upon these cheeks. I'll fly thee, and die a maid, rather than live under the same roof with jealousy and caprice.

FOSSILE.

O thou spotless innocence ! I cannot refrain tears of joy. Forgive me, and I'll tell thee all. These drops have been a secret in our family for many years. They are call'd the touchstone of virginity. The males administer it to the brides on their wedding-day ; and by its virtue have ascertain'd the honour of the Fossiles from generation to generation. There are family customs, which it is almost impious to neglect.

TOWNLEY.

Had you married a person of doubtful reputation
——But me, Mr. Fossile !

FOSSILE.

I did not indeed suspect thee. But my mother obliged me to this experiment with her dying words —My wife is chaste : and to preserve her so, 'tis necessary that I have none but chaste servants about her. I'll make the experiment on all my female domesticks. [*Aside.*] I will now, my dear, in thy presence, put all my family to the trial. Here ! bid my
my

my niece, and all the maid servants come before me.

[*Calling out.*

[*Enter CLINKET, PRUE, and Servants.*

Give ear, all ye virgins : we make proclamation in the name of the chaste Diana, being resolv'd to make a solemn essay of the virtue, virginity, and chastity of all within our walls. We therefore advise, warn and precaution all spinsters, who know themselves blemish'd, not on any pretence whatsoever to taste these our drops, which will manifest their shame to the world by visible tokens.

CLINKET.

I abominate all kind of drops. They interrupt the series of ideas. But have they any power over the virgin's dreams, thoughts, and private meditations ?

FOSSILE.

No. They do not affect the *motus primoprini*, or intentions ; only actualities, niece.

CLINKET.

Then give it me. I can drink as freely of it as of the waters of Helicon. My love was always Platonick.

[*Drinks.*

FOSSILE.

Yet I have known a Platonick lady lodge at a midwife's.

[Foffile offers it round.

FIRST WOMAN.

I never take phyfick.

FOSSILE.

That's one. Stand there. My niece professes herself a Platonick. You are rather a Cartesian.

CLINKET.

Ah dear uncle ! how do the Platonicks and Cartesians differ ?

FOSSILE.

The Platonicks are for ideas, the Cartesians for matter and motion.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Foffile, you are too severe.

SECOND WOMAN.

I am not a-dry.

[Curtfies.

FOSSILE.

There's two. Stand there.

PRUE.

My mistress can answer for me. She has taken it.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

She has. But however stand there, among the Cartesians.

THIRD WOMAN.

My innocence would protect me, though I trod over red-hot iron. Give me a brimmer.

[She takes a mouthful and spits it out again.]

FOSSILE.

'Twas a presumptuous thing to gargle with it: but however, Madam, if you please——walk among the Cartesians. *[Two young wenches run away.]*

CLINKET,

Prue, follow me. I have just found a rhyme for my Pindarick. *[They all sneak off.]*

FOSSILE.

All gone! what no more ladies here? No more ladies! *[looking to the audience.]* O that I had but a boarding-school, or a middle-gallery!

Enter SARSNET, follow'd by two porters bearing a chest.

Set down the things here: there is no occasion for carrying them up stairs, since they are to be sent into the country to-morrow. *[Exeunt porters.]*

What

What have I done? My marriage, these confounded whimsies, and doctor Lubomirski, have made me quite forget poor lady Hippokekoana. She was in convulsions, and I am afraid dead by this time.

[Exit Foffile.

SARSNET.

I have brought you a present, Madam; make good use of it. So I leave you together. [Exit Sarfnet.

[Townley opens the chest: Plotwell, who was cover'd with a gown and petticoat, gets out.

TOWNLEY.

Never was any thing so lucky. The doctor is just this minute gone to a patient.

PLOTWELL.

I tempt dangers enough in your service. I am almost crippled in this chest-adventure. Oh my knees! Prithee, my dear, lead me to a bed where I may stretch myself out. [Leading her off.

Enter SARSNET.

SARSNET.

Oh Madam! yonder is the doctor in deep discourse with Underplot: I fear he has dogg'd me, and betray'd us. They are both coming back together. [Exit Sarfnet.

PLOTWELL.

I'll shrink snug into my shell again.

TOWNLEY.

That he may directly pop upon you. The trunk will be the first place he will examine—Have you no presence of mind? You fit for an intrigue!

PLOTWELL.

What shall I do?

TOWNLEY.

Fear not, you shall be invisible on this very spot.

PLOTWELL.

What do you mean? He's just at the door. You intend to discover me.

TOWNLEY.

Mistrust me not: you shall walk out before his face at that very door, though he bring in a hundred spies, and not one of them shall perceive you.

PLOTWELL.

Don't trifle. Are you mad? [*knocking at the door.*] Nay, now 'tis too late.

TOWNLEY.

Arm thyself with flounces, and fortify thyself with whalebone; enter beneath the cupola of this petticoat.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL:

The best security in the world ! an old fellow has
feldom any thing to do beneath that circumference.

TOWNLEY.

No more. But under it immediately.

[Plotwell goes under it.

Thus Venus, when approaching foes assail,
Shields her Æneas with a filken veil.

Enter FOSSILE.

TOWNLEY.

O my dear, you come opportunely. How do you
like my fancy in this new petticoat ? There is some-
thing in it so odd !

FOSSILE.

You have another in your chest much odder. I
want to see that.

TOWNLEY.]

How jaunty the flounces !

FOSSILE.

Ay, 'tis plain she would lure me from the chest ;
there I shall find him. [Aside.

TOWNLEY.

The lace ! the fringe !

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

All this is nothing to the embroider'd sattin.
Prithee, my dear, give me the key.

TOWNLEY.

Sure never was any thing so prettily disposed.
Observe but the air of it: so *degagée*! But the
lining is so charming.

*[She walks to the door, and Fossile to the
trunk. Plotwell kisses her out of the
top of the petticoat, and then goes off.]*

*[As Fossile is cautiously opening the trunk
with his sword drawn, Townley comes
up to him.]*

What, more of your frolicks, Mr. Fossile? What
time of the moon is this?

FOSSILE.

This Underplot is a confounded villain; he would
make me jealous of an honest civil gentleman, only
for an opportunity to cuckold me himself. *[Aside.]*
Come, my dear, forget all that is past. I know
——I have proved thee virtuous. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter FOSSILE with a vial in his hand.

FOSSILE.

THIS is all we have for the flying dragon so celebrated by antiquity. A cheap purchase ! It cost me but fifteen guineas. But the Jew made it up in the butterfly and the spider.

Enter two porters bearing a Mummy.

Oh ! here's my Mummy. Set him down. I am in haste. Tell captain Bantam, I'll talk with him at the coffee-house. *[Exeunt porters.]*

Enter two porters bearing an Alligator.

A most stupendous animal ! set him down.

[Exeunt porters.]

Poor lady Hippokekoana's convulsions ! I believe there is a fatality in it, that I can never get to her. Who can I trust my house to in my absence ? Were my wife as chaste as Lucretia, who knows what an unlucky minute may bring forth ! In cuckoldom, the art of attack is prodigiously improved beyond the art of defence. So far it is manifest, Underplot has
a design

a design upon my honour. For the ease of my mind, I will lock up my wife in this my museum, till my return.

Enter TOWNLEY.

You will find something here, my dear, to divert yourself.

TOWNLEY.

I hate the sight of these strange creatures; but since I am Mr. Fossile's wife, I shall endeavour to conquer my aversion.

FOSSILE.

'Thou may'st safely be here to-day, my dear; to-morrow thou should'st no more enter this room than a pest house. 'Tis dangerous for women that are impregnated. But poor lady Hippokekoana suffers all this while. [*Exit Fossile with a key in his hand.*]

TOWNLEY.

Since he has lock'd me in, to be even with him, I'll bolt him out.

[*Plotwell, dress'd like a Mummy, comes forward.*]

PLOTWELL.

Thus trav'ling far from his Egyptian tomb,
Thy Antony salutes his Cleopatra.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Thus Cleopatra, in desiring arms,

Receives her Antony——

But prithee dear pickled Hieroglyphic, who so suddenly could assist thee with this shape?

PLOTWELL.

The play-house can dress mummies, bears, lions, crocodiles, and all the monsters of Libya. My arms, Madam, are ready to break their pasteboard prison to embrace you.

TOWNLEY.

Not so hasty. Stay till the jealous fool is out of fight.

PLOTWELL.

Our ill stars, and the devil, have brought him back so often——

TOWNLEY.

He can never parry this blow, nor grow jealous of his Mummy. A Mummy is his intimate friend.

PLOTWELL.

And a man cannot easily be cuckolded by any body else.

TOWNLEY.

Here may'st thou remain the ornament of his study, and the support of his old age. Thou shalt
divert

divert his company, and be a father to his children. I will bring thee legs of pullets, remnants of tarts, and fragments of deserts. Thou shalt be fed like Bell and the Dragon.

PLOTWELL.

But Madam, before you entertain me as your Mummy in ordinary, you ought to be acquainted with my abilities to discharge that office. Let me slip off this habit of death, you shall find I have some symptoms of life.——Thus Jove within the milk-white swan compress'd his Leda.

[Underplot in the Alligator crawls forward, then rises up and embraces her.]

UNDERPLOT.

Thus Jove within the serpent's scaly folds,
Twin'd round the Macedonian queen.

TOWNLEY.

Ah!

[Shrieks.]

PLOTWELL.

Fear not, Madam. This is my evil genius Underplot that still haunts me. How the devil got you here?

UNDERPLOT.

Why should not the play-house lend me a Crocodile as well as you a Mummy?

TOWNLEY.

How unlucky is this! [*aside.*] Nay, I don't know but I may have twenty lovers in this collection. You snakes, sharks, monkeys, and man-tigers, speak, and put in your claim before it is too late.

UNDERPLOT.

Mr. Mummy, your humble servant; the lady is pre-engag'd.

PLOTWELL.

Pray, Mr. Crocodile, let the lady make her own choice.

UNDERPLOT.

Crocodile as I am, I must be treated with common humanity. You can't, Madam, disown the message you sent me.

TOWNLEY.

Well! ye pair Egyptian lovers, agree this matter between you, and I will acquit myself like a person of honour to you both.

PLOTWELL.

Madam! If I don't love you above all your sex, may I be banish'd the studies of virtuoso's; and smoak'd like Dutch beef in a chimney —

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

If I don't love you more than that stale Mummy,
may I never more be proclaim'd at a show of mon-
sters, by the sound of a glass-trumpet——

PLOTWELL.

May I be sent to 'Pothecary's-hall, and beat up
into Venice-treacle for the fleet and the army, if
this heart——

UNDERPLOT.

May I be stuff'd with straw, and given to a
mountebank, if this soul——

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am a human creature. Taste my bal-
samick kifs.

UNDERPLOT.

A lover in swaddling-clouts ! What is his kifs, to
my embrace ?

PLOTWELL.

Look upon me, Madam. See how I am em-
broider'd with hieroglyphicks.

UNDERPLOT.

Consider my beautiful row of teeth.

PLOTWELL.

My balmy breath.

R 2

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

The strong joints of my back.

PLOTWELL.

My erect stature.

UNDERPLOT.

My long tail.

TOWNLEY.

Such a contest of beauty ! How shall I decide it ?

PLOTWELL.

Take me out of my shell, Madam, and I'll make you a present of the kernel.

UNDERPLOT.

Then I must be upon a level with him, and be uncrocodil'd.

TOWNLEY.

Keep both of you your shapes, and we are in no fear of a surprize from the doctor : if you uncase, his presence would undo us. Sure never was any thing so unlucky—I hear his footsteps ; quick to your posts. [*Mummy and Crocodile run to their places.*

Enter FOSSILE, Dr. NAUTILUS, and Dr. POSSUM.

NAUTILUS.

Much joy to the learned Dr. Fossile. To have a Mummy, an Alligator, and a wife, all in one day, is too great happiness for mortal man !

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

This an Alligator ! Alack-a-day, brother Nautilus, this is a mere lizard, an eel, a shrimp to mine.

NAUTILUS.

How improving would it be to the female understanding, if the closets of the ladies were furnish'd, or, as I may say, ornamented and embellish'd with preserv'd butterflies, and beautiful shells, instead of China jars, and absurd Indian pictures.

TOWNLEY.

Now for a stratagem to bring off my unsuccessful pair of gallants.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit* Townley.

FOSSILE.

Ah, Dr. Nautilus, how have I languish'd for your feather of the bird Porphyron !

NAUTILUS.

But your dart of the Mantichora !

FOSSILE.

Your haft of the antediluvian trowel, unquestionably the tool of one of the Babel masons !

NAUTILUS.

What's that to your fragment of Seth's pillar ?

POSSUM.

Gentlemen, I affirm I have a greater curiosity than all of them. I have an entire leaf of Noah's journal aboard the ark, that was hewn out of a porphyry pillar in Palmyra.

[Fossile opens the case of the Mummy.

NAUTILUS.

By the formation of the muscular parts of the visage, I conjecture that this Mummy is male.

POSSUM.

Male, brother! I am sorry to observe your ignorance of the symmetry of a human body. Do but observe the projection of the hip; besides, the bloom upon the face; 'tis a female beyond all contradiction.

FOSSILE.

Let us have no rash dispute, brothers; but proceed methodically——Behold the vanity of mankind! [*pointing to the Mummy.*] Some Ptolemy perhaps!——

NAUTILUS.

Who by his pyramid and pickle thought to secure to himself death immortal.

FOSSILE.

His pyramid, alas! is now but a wainscot case.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

And his pickle can scarce raise him to the dignity of a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

Pardon me, Dr. Possum: the museum of the curious is a lasting monument. And I think it no degradation to a dead person of quality, to bear the rank of an anatomy in the learned world.

NAUTILUS.

By your favour, Dr. Possum, a collar of brawn! I affirm, he is better to be taken inwardly than a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

An excellent medicine! he is hot in the first degree, and exceeding powerful in some diseases of women.

NAUTILUS.

Right, Dr. Fossile; for your Asphaltion.

POSSUM.

Pice-Asphaltus, by your leave.

NAUTILUS.

By your leave, doctor Possum, I say Asphaltion.

POSSUM.

And I positively say, Pice-Asphaltus.

NAUTILUS.

If you had read Dioscorides or Pliny—

POSSUM.

I have read Dioscorides. And I do affirm Pice-Asphaltus.

FOSSILE.

Be calm, gentlemen. Both of you handle this argument with great learning, judgment, and perspicuity. For the present, I beseech you to concord, and turn your speculations on my Alligator.

POSSUM.

The skin is impenetrable even to a sword.

NAUTILUS.

Dr. Possum, I will show you the contrary.

[Draws his sword.]

POSSUM.

In the mean time I will try the Mummy with this knife, on the point of which you shall smell the pitch, and be convinc'd that it is the Pice-Asphaltus.

[Takes up a rusty knife.]

FOSSILE.

Hold, Sir: you will not only deface my Mummy, but spoil my Roman sacrificing knife.

Enter

Enter TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

I must lure them from this experiment, or we are discover'd. *[Aside.*

[She looks through a telescope.

What do I see ! most prodigious ! a star as broad as the moon in the day-time ! *[The doctors go to her.*

POSSUM.

Only a halo about the sun, I suppose.

NAUTILUS.

Your suppositions, doctor, seem to be groundless. Let me make my observation.

[Nautilus and Possum struggle to look first.

TOWNLEY.

Now for your escape :

[To Plotwell and Underplot.

[They run to the door, but find it lock'd.

UNDERPLOT.

What an unlucky dog I am !

TOWNLEY.

Quick—Back to your posts. Don't move, and rely upon me. I have still another artifice.

[They run back to their places. Exit Townley.

NAUTILUS.

NAUTILUS.

I can espy no celestial body but the sun.

POSSUM.

Brother Nautilus, your eyes are somewhat dim; your sight is not fit for astronomical observations.

FOSSILE.

Is the focus of the glass right? Hold gentlemen, I see it; about the bigness of Jupiter.

NAUTILUS.

No phænomenon offers itself to my speculation.

POSSUM.

Point over yonder chimney. Directly south.

NAUTILUS.

Thitherward, begging your pardon, Dr. Possum, I affirm to be the north.

FOSSILE.

East.

POSSUM.

South.

NAUTILUS.

North. Alas! what an ignorant thing is vanity! I was just making a reflection on the ignorance of my brother Possum, in the nature of the Crocodile.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

First, brother Nautilus, convince yourself of the composition of the Mummy.

NAUTILUS.

I will insure your Alligator from any damage. His skin I affirm once more to be impenetrable.

[Draws his sword.]

POSSUM.

I will not deface any hieroglyphick.

[Goes to the Mummy with his knife.]

FOSSILE.

I never oppose a luciferous experiment. It is the beaten high-way to truth.

[Plotwell and Underplot leap from their places ; the doctors are frightened.]

POSSUM.

Speak, I conjure thee. Art thou the ghost of some murder'd Egyptian monarch ?

NAUTILUS.

A rational question to a Mummy ! but this monster can be no less than the devil himself, for Crocodiles don't walk.

Enter TOWNLEY and CLINKET.

FOSSILE.

[Townley *whispers* Clinket.

Gentlemen, wonder at nothing within these walls ;
for ever since I was married, nothing has happen'd
to me in the common course of human life.

CLINKET.

Madam, without a compliment, you have a fine
imagination. The masquerade of the Mummy and
Crocodile is extremely just ; I would not rob you of
the merit of the invention, yet since you make me
the compliment, I shall be proud to take the whole
contrivance of this masquerade upon myself. [*To*
Townley.] Sir, be acquainted with my masqueraders.

[*To* Fossile.

FOSSILE.

Thou female imp of Apollo, more mischievous
than Circe, who fed gentlemen of the army in a
hog's-slye ! What mean you by these gambols ?
this Mummy, this Crocodile ?

CLINKET.

Only a little mummary, uncle.

FOSSILE.

What an outrageous conceit is this ! Had you con-
tented yourself with the metamorphosis of Jupiter,
our

our skill in the clafficks might have prevented our terror.

CLINKET.

I glory in the fertility of my invention the more, that it is beyond the imagination of a pagan deity. Besides, it is form'd upon the *vrai-semblance*; for I knew you had a Mummy and a Crocodile to be brought home.

FOSSILE.

Dr. Nautilus is an infirm tender gentleman; I wish the sudden concussion of his animal spirits may not kindle him into a fever. I myself, I must confess, have an extreme palpitation.

CLINKET.

Dear uncle, be pacified. We are both of us the votaries of our great master Apollo. To you he has assign'd the art of healing: me he has taught to sing; why then should we jangle in our kindred faculties?

FOSSILE.

Apollo, for ought I know, may be a very fine person; but this I am sure of, that the skill he has given all his physicians is not sufficient to cure the madness of his poets.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Hark ye, brother Foffile ! your Crocodile has proved a human creature, I wish your wife may not prove a Crocodile.

NAUTILUS.

Hark ye, brother Foffile ! your Mummy, as you were saying, seemeth to be hot in the first degree, and is powerful in some diseases of women.

[*Exeunt Nautilus and Possum.*]

FOSSILE.

You diabolical performers of my niece's masquerade, will it please you to follow those gentlemen ?

CLINKET.

Nay, Sir, you shall see them dance first.

FOSSILE.

Dance ! the devil ! bring me hither a spit, a fire-fork, I'll try whether the monsters are impenetrable or no.

PLOTWELL.

I hope, Sir, you will not expose us to the fury of the mob, since we came here upon so courteous a design.

FOSSILE.

Good courteous Mr. Mummy, without more ceremony, will it please you to retire to your subterraneous

ous habitation? And you, Mr. Crocodile, about your business this moment, or you shall change your Nile for the next horse-pond.

CLINKET.

Spare my masqueraders.

UNDERPLOT.

Let it never be said that the famous Dr. Fossile, so renowned for his charity to monsters, should violate the laws of hospitality, and turn a poor Alligator naked into the street.

FOSSILE.

Deposite your *exuviae* then, and assume your human shape.

UNDERPLOT.

For that, I must beg your excuse. A gentleman would not chuse to be known in these frolicks.

FOSSILE.

Then out of my doors. Here, footmen, out with him; out, thou hypocrite of an Alligator.

[Underplot is turn'd out.

Sir, the respect I have for catacombs and pyramids, will not protect you.

[A noise of mob within.

Enter

Enter PRUE.

PRUE.

Sir, Sir, lock your doors, or else all your monsters will run home again to the Indies. Your Crocodile yonder has made his escape; if he get but to Somerset water-gate, he is gone for ever. [*Exit Prue.*

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

The herbwoman swore she knew him to be the devil, for she had met him one dark night in St. Pulchre's church-yard; then the monster call'd a coach, methought with the voice of a christian; but a sailor that came by said he might be a Crocodile for all that, for Crocodiles could cry like children, and was for killing him outright, for they were good to eat in Egypt; but the constable cry'd, take him alive, for what if he be an Egyptian, he is still the king's subject. [*Exit Footman.*

[*A noise of mob within.*

Enter PRUE.

PRUE.

Then he was hurry'd away by the mob. A bulldog ran away with six joints of his tail, and the

claw of his near foot before : at last by good fortune, to save his life, he fell in with the Hockley in the Hole bull and bear ; the master claim'd him for his monster, and so he is now attended by a vast mob, very solemnly marching to Hockley in the Hole, with the bear in his front, the bull in his rear, and a monkey upon each shoulder.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Mummy, you had best draw the curtains of your chair, or the mob's respect for the dead will scarce protect you. *[Exit Plotwell in a chair.*

CLINKET.

My concern for him obliges me to go see that he gets off safe, lest any further mischief befall the persons of our masque. *[Exit Clinket.*

FOSSILE.

Sweetly, Horace. *Nunquam satis*, and so forth. A man can never be too cautious. Madam, sit down by me. Pray how long is it since you and I have been married ?

TOWNLEY.

Near three hours, Sir.

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S

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

And what anxieties has this time produc'd ! the dangers of divorce ! calumniatory letters ! lewd fellows introduced by my niece ! groundless jealousies on both sides ! even thy virginity put to the touchstone ! but this last danger I plung'd thee in myself ; to leave thee in the room with two such robust young fellows.

TOWNLEY.

Ay, with two young fellows ! but, my dear, I know you did it ignorantly.

FOSSILE.

This is the first blest minute of repose that I have enjoyed in matrimony. Dost thou know the reason, my dear, why I have chosen thee of all womankind ?

TOWNLEY.

My face, perhaps ?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My wit ?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My virtue and good humour ?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

No.—But for the natural conformity of our constitutions. Because thou art hot and moist in the third degree, and I myself cold and dry in the first.

TOWNLEY.

And so nature has coupled us like the elements.

FOSSILE.

Thou hast nothing to do but to submit thy constitution to my regimen.

TOWNLEY.

You shall find me obedient in all things.

FOSSILE.

It is strange, yet certain, that the intellects of the infant depend upon the suppers of the parents. Diet must be prescrib'd.

TOWNLEY.

So the wit of one's posterity is determin'd by the choice of one's cook.

FOSSILE.

Right. You may observe how French cooks, with their high ragouts, have contaminated our plain English understandings. Our supper to-night is extracted from the best authors. How delightful is this minute of tranquillity! my soul is at ease.

How happy shalt thou make me ! thou shalt bring me
the finest boy ! [*A knocking at the door.*]

No mortal shall enter these doors this day. [*Knocking again.*] Oh, it must be the news of poor lady Hippokekoana's death. Poor woman ! such is the condition of life, some die, and some are born, and I shall now make some reparation for the mortality of my patients by the fecundity of my wife. My dear, thou shalt bring me the finest boy !

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, here's a seaman from Deptford must needs speak with you.

FOSSILE.

Let him come in. One of my retale Indian merchants, I suppose, that always brings me some odd thing.

Enter SAILOR *with a child.*

What hast thou brought me, friend, a young drill ?

SAILOR.

Look ye d'ye see, master, you know best whether a monkey begot him.

FOSSILE.

A meer human child !

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Thy carelessness, Sarsnet, has exposed me. I am
lost and ruin'd. O heav'n! heav'n! Now, impu-
dence assist me. *[Aside.]*

FOSSILE.

Is the child monstrous? or dost thou bring him
here to take physick?

SAILOR.

I care not what he takes; so you take him.

FOSSILE.

What does the fellow mean?

SAILOR.

Fellow me no fellows. My name is Jack Capstone
of Deptford, and are not you the man that has the
raree-show of oyster-shells and pebble-stones?

FOSSILE.

What if I am?

SAILOR.

Why, then my invoice is right, I must leave my
cargo here.

TOWNLEY.

Miserable woman that I am! how shall I support
this sight! thy bastard brought into thy family as soon
as thy bride!

FOSSILE.

Patience, patience, I beseech you. Indeed I have no posterity.

TOWNLEY.

You lascivious brute you.

FOSSILE.

Passion is but the tempestuous cloud that obscures reason ; be calm and I'll convince you. Friend, how come you to bring the infant hither ?

SAILOR.

My wife, poor woman, could give him suck no longer, for she died yesterday morning. There's a long account, master. It was hard to trace him to the fountain-head. I steer'd my course from lane to lane, I spoke to twenty old women, and at last was directed to a ribbon shop in Covent-Garden, and they sent me hither, and so take the bantling and pay me his clearings. *[Offers him the child.]*

FOSSILE.

I shall find law for you, firrah. Call my neighbour Possum, he is a justice of peace, as well as a physician.

TOWNLEY.

Call the man back. If you have committed one folly, don't expose yourself by a second.

SAILOR.

SAILOR.

The gentlewoman says well. Come, master, we all know that there is no boarding a pretty wench, without charges one way or other; you are a doctor, master, and have no surgeons bills to pay; and so can the better afford it.

TOWNLEY.

Rather than you should bring a scandal on your character, I will submit to be a kind mother-in-law.

Enter Justice POSSUM, and Clerk.

FOSSILE.

Mr. Justice Possum, for now I must so call you, not brother Possum; here is a troublesome fellow with a child, which he would leave in my house.

POSSUM.

Another man's child? He cannot in law.

FOSSILE.

It seemeth to me to be a child unlawfully begotten.

POSSUM.

A bastard! who does he lay it to?

FOSSILE.

To our family.

S 4

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Your family, *quatenus* a family, being a body collective, cannot get a bastard. Is this child a bastard, honest friend?

SAILOR.

I was neither by when his mother was stow'd, nor when she was unladen; whether he belong to a fair trader, or be run goods, I cannot tell: in short, here I was sent, and here I will leave him.

POSSUM.

Dost thou know his mother, friend?

SAILOR.

I am no midwife, master; I did not see him born.

POSSUM.

You had best put up this matter, doctor. A man of your years, when he has been wanton, cannot be too cautious.

FOSSILE.

This is all from the purpose. I was married this morning at seven; let any man in the least acquainted with the powers of nature, judge whether that human creature could be conceived and brought to maturity in one forenoon.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

This is but talk, doctor Fossile. It is well for you, though I say it, that you have fallen into the hands of a person, who has study'd the civil and canon law in the point of bastardy. The child is either yours or not yours.

FOSSILE.

My child, Mr. Justice!

POSSUM.

Look ye, Dr. Fossile, you confound filiation with legitimization. Lawyers are of opinion, that filiation is necessary to legitimization, but not *à contra*.

[*The child cries.*]

FOSSILE.

I would not starve any of my own species, get the infant some water-pap. But Mr. Justice——

POSSUM.

The proofs, I say, doctor, of filiation are five. Nomination enunciatively pronounc'd, strong presumptions, and circumstantial proofs——

FOSSILE.

What is all this to me? I tell you, I know nothing of the child.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Signs of paternal piety, similitude of features, and commerce with the mother. And first of the first, nomination. Has the doctor ever been heard to call the infant, son?

TOWNLEY.

He has call'd him child, since he came into this room. You have indeed, Mr. Fossile.

POSSUM.

Bring hither the doctor's great bible.—Let us examine in the blank leaf whether he be enroll'd among the rest of his children.

FOSSILE.

I tell you, I never had any children. I shall grow distracted, I shall ———

POSSUM.

But did you give any orders against registering the child by the name of Fossile?

FOSSILE.

How was it possible?

POSSUM.

Set down that, clerk. He did not prohibit the registering the child in his own name. We ourselves have observed one sign of fatherly tenderness; clerk,
set

set down the water-pap he order'd just now. Come we now——

FOSSILE.

What a jargon is this!

POSSUM.

Come we now, I say, to that which the lawyers call *magnum naturæ argumentum*, similitude of features. Bring hither the child, friend; Dr. Fossile, look upon me. The unequal circle of the infant's face somewhat resembles the inequality of the circumference of your countenance: he has also the vituline or calf-like concavity of the profile of your visage.

FOSSILE.

Pish.

POSSUM.

And he is somewhat beetle brow'd, and his nose will rise with time to an equal prominence with the doctor's.

TOWNLEY.

Indeed he has somewhat of your nose, Mr. Fossile.

FOSSILE.

Ridiculous!

TOWNLEY.

The child is comely.

POSSUM.

Consider the large aperture of his mouth.

SAILOR.

SAILOR.

Nay, the tokens are plain enough. I have the fellow of him at home ; but my wife told me two days ago, that this with the wall eye and splay-foot belong'd to you, Sir.

[Prue runs a-cross the stage with a letter, which Fossile snatches from her.]

FOSSILE.

Whither are you going so fast, hussy ? I will examine every thing within these walls. *[Exit Prue.]*
[reads.] ‘ For Richard Plotwell, Esq.’ This letter unravels the whole affair : as she is an unfortunate relation of mine, I must beg you would act with discretion. *[Gives Possum the letter.]*

POSSUM.

(reads.) ‘ Sir, the child which you father’d is re-
 ‘ turn’d back upon my hands. Your
 ‘ Drury-Lane friends have treated me
 ‘ with such rudeness, that they told me
 ‘ in plain terms I should be damn’d.
 ‘ How unfortunate soever my offspring
 ‘ is, I hope you at least will defend the
 ‘ reputation of the unhappy

‘ PHOEBE CLINKET.’

———— As

— As you say, doctor, the case is but too plain;
every circumstance hits.

Enter CLINKET.

CLINKET.

'Tis very uncivil, Sir, to break open one's letters.

FOSSILE.

Would I had not; and that the contents of it
had been a secret to me and all mankind for ever.
Wretched creature, to what a miserable condition
has thy poetry reduced thee!

CLINKET.

I am not in the least mortified with the accident.
I know it has happen'd to many of the most famous
daughters of Apollo; and to myself several times.

FOSSILE.

I am thunderstruck at her impudence! several
times?

CLINKET.

I have had one returned upon my hands every
winter for these five years past. I may perhaps be
excell'd by others in judgment and correctness of
manners, but for fertility and readiness of concep-
tion, I will yield to nobody.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Bless me, whence had she this luxuriant constitution !

POSSUM.

Patience, Sir. Perhaps the lady may be married.

TOWNLEY.

'Tis infamous, Mr. Fossile, to keep her in your house; yet, though you turn her out of doors, use her with some humanity; I will take care of the child.

CLINKET.

I can find no *Denoûement* of all this conversation. Where is the crime, I pray, of writing a Tragedy? I sent it to Drury-Lane house to be acted; and here it is return'd by the wrong *goût* of the actors.

POSSUM.

This incident has somewhat embarrassed us. But what mean you here, Madam, by this expression? Your offspring.

CLINKET.

My Tragedy, the offspring of my brain. One of his majesty's justices of the peace, and not understand the use of the metaphor!

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Doctor, you have used much artifice, and many demurrers; but the child must lie at your door at last. Friend, speak plain what thou knowest of this matter.

FOSSILE.

Let me relate my story. This morning, I married this lady, and brought her from her lodgings, at Mrs. Chambers's, in King-street, Covent-Garden.

SAILOR.

Mrs. Chambers! To that place I was directed, where liv'd the maid that put the bantling out to be nurs'd by my wife for her lady; and who she was, 'tis none of our business to enquire.

POSSUM.

Dost thou know the name of this maid?

SAILOR.

Let me consider — Lutestring.

FOSSILE.

Sarfnet, thou mean'st.

SAILOR.

Sarfnet, that's right.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

I'll turn her out of my house this moment. Filthy creature !

POSSUM.

The evidence is plain. You have cohabitation with the mother, doctor, *currat lex*. And you must keep the child.

FOSSILE.

Your decree is unjust, Sir, and I'll seek my remedy at law. As I never was espoused, I never had carnal knowledge of any woman ; and my wife, Mrs. Sufanna Townley, is a pure virgin at this hour for me.

POSSUM.

Sufanna Townley ! Sufanna Townley ! Look how runs the warrant you drew up this morning.

[*Clerk gives him a paper.*

Madam, a word in private with you. [*Whispers her.*] Doctor, my Lord Chief Justice has some business with this lady.

FOSSILE.

My Lord Chief Justice business with my wife !

POSSUM.

To be plain with you, doctor Fossile, you have for these three hours entertain'd another man's wife. Her husband, lieutenant Bengal, is just returned

I

from

from the Indies, and this morning took out a warrant from me for an elopement ; it will be more for your credit to part with her privately, than to suffer her publickly to be carry'd off by a tipstaff.

FOSSILE.

Surprizing have been the events of this day; but this, the strangest of all, settles my future repose. Let her go—I have not dishonoured the bed of lieutenant Bengal—Hark ye friend! Do you follow her with that badge of her infamy.

POSSUM.

By your favour, doctor, I never reverse my judgment. The child is yours: for it cannot belong to a man who has been three years absent in the East-Indies. Leave the child.

SAILOR.

I find you are out of humour, master. So I'll call to-morrow for his clearings.

[Sailor lays down the child, and exit with Possum, Clerk, and Townley.]

CLINKET.

Uncle, by this day's adventure, every one has got something. Lieutenant Bengal has got his wife again; you a fine child; and I a plot for a comedy; and I'll this moment set about it. *[Exit Clinket.]*

FOSSILE.

What must be, must be. [*Takes up the child.*]
Fossile, thou didst want posterity: here behold thou
hast it. A wife thou didst not want; thou hast none.
But thou art caressing a child that is not thy own.
What then? A thousand, and a thousand husbands
are doing the same thing this very instant; and the
knowledge of truth is desirable, and makes thy case
the better. What signifies whether a man beget his
child or not? How ridiculous is the act itself, said
then great emperor Antonius! I now look upon my-
self as a Roman citizen; it is better that the father
should adopt the child, than that the wife should
adopt the father. [*Exit Fossile.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

THE ancient Epilogue, as critics write,
Was, clap your hands, excuse us, and good-night.
The modern always was a kind essay
To reconcile the audience to the Play :
More polish'd, we of late have learnt to fly
At parties, treaties, nations, ministry.
Our author more genteelly leaves these brawls
To coffee-houses, and to cobblers stalls.
His very monsters are of sweet condition,
None but the Crocodile's a politician ;
He reaps the blessings of his double nature,
And, Trimmer like, can live on land or water :
Yet this same monster should be kindly treated,
He lik'd a lady's flesh ——— but not to eat it.

As for my other spark, my favourite Mummy,
His feats were such, smart youths ! as might become ye ;
Dead as he seem'd, he had sure signs of life ;
His hieroglyphicks pleas'd the doctor's wife.

Whom can our well-bred poetess displease ?
She writ like quality — with wond'rous ease :

All

*All her offence was harmless want of wit;
Is that a crime?—ye powers, preserve the pit.*

*My doctor too, to give the devil his due,
When ev'ry creature did his spouse pursue,
(Men sound and living, bury'd flesh, dry'd fish,)
Was e'en as civil as a wife could wish.*

*Yet he was somewhat saucy with his vial;
What, put young maids to that unnat'ral trial!
So hard a test! why, if you needs will make it,
Faith, let us marry first,—and then we'll take it.*

*Who could be angry, though like Fossile tear'd?
Consider, in three hours, the man was eas'd.
How many of you are for life beguil'd,
And keep as well the mother, as the child!
None but a Tar could be so tender-hearted,
To claim a wife that had been three years parted;
Would you do this, my friends?—believe me, never:
When modishly you part—you part for ever.*

*Join then your voices, be the Play excus'd
For once, though no one living is abus'd;
To that bright circle that commands our duties,
To you superior eighteen-penny beauties,
To the lac'd hat and cockard of the pit,
To all, in one word, we our cause submit,
Who think good breeding is a-kin to wit.*

THE END.

